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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

IN MOHAMMEDAN ASIA

THE recent defeat of Greece in Asia Minor invited some criticisms of that nation in the British press, which has been inclined to back up Hellenic territorial ambitions when they did not conflict too markedly with Entente interests. The *Spectator*, after alluding to the rumor that Lloyd George 'has paid too much attention to the schemes and wishes of the Greek millionaire, Sir Basil Zaharoff,' observes that British official favor was likely to encourage the worst side of the Greek character.

Everyone who has studied modern Greece on the spot knows that the Greeks are a people who live in a state of constant effervescence. Everybody is a politician. Everybody's opinion is frankly listened to as being as good as that of anybody else. Undoubtedly there is something rather agreeable about this translation of democracy into everyday life, for Greece is in method the most democratic country in Europe, even though she clings passionately to the form of monarchy. . . .

The Greek reach invariably exceeds the grasp. The result is a continual vision of a political heaven which is never attained. Heaven is always just a little way ahead. Greece is always going to dig up the rainbow, but very often does not trouble even to carry a spade. In 1897 the country was utterly unprepared for war, yet the Greeks provoked the Turks into declaring war. They trusted to the prophecies of all the Mother Shiptons that one day Macedonia and Constantinople and all Asia Minor and all the Turkish islands would be restored to Greece. . . .

Only a few days ago Greece returned to her old occupation of failing to measure her strength, and she threatened that she would occupy Constantinople. The Turkish answer has been much more startling than the reproof of the Allies.

The effect of the Greek collapse is likely to be felt in Mesopotamia, unless the Turks are for some time to come fully preoccupied with their efforts to recover Constantinople. For several weeks all has not been going well with King Faisal's infant kingdom. That monarch, who is now reported to be seriously ill, interfered to an unwarrantable degree in the work of the Government Departments, thus causing constant friction with his Cabinet. Apparently he does not understand the theory of responsible government. When the British tried to straighten matters out, their well-meant counsel was bitterly resented by the natives. Indeed, high British officials have been jeered and hooted by mobs in the streets of Bagdad. Should the Turkish Nationalists, who are now reported to be well equipped with French muni-

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tions and artillery, allow the elation inspired by their recent success to overcome their prudence, we may have a new and troublesome war in the valleys made famous by the campaigns of Cyrus and Alexander.

Le Temps, in a leading article entitled 'The Lesson of Bagdad,' recalls the difficulties the French authorities had with Faisal when he reigned at Damascus. At that time the English excused or even encouraged his intrigues against France and refused to heed the protests of her Government against his appointment as King of Mesopotamia. The inference that the recent troubles in Mesopotamia convey to the French mind is that England's policy of conciliating the Arabs — and incidentally, let it be said, of favoring the Greeks — is mistaken. So far as it is possible to generalize in a question so complex, where local inconsistencies of policy are almost sure to occur, the French are backing the Turks and the British are backing the Arabs.

In India, the solidarity among the numerous native races and creeds, which for a time greatly strengthened the independence movement, has been disturbed by a renewal of civil and religious strife. *Young India*, Gandhi's organ, considers the campaign of Mohammedan fanatics in Malabar, who have been putting to the sword Hindus who refused conversion to their faith, 'the greatest loss sustained by Islam in India in recent times.' Naturally Malabar-Hindu unity has been destroyed for the time being.

In the Punjab the Sikhs, who are traditionally hostile to the Mohammedans and have little in common with the Hindus, are also up in arms. This warlike people, though numerically in a minority, is more aggressive and self-assertive than any other element of the population. A new movement, half religious and half patriotic, has swept through the Sikh villages. In this populous district the Mohammedans, who are in the majority, and are correspondingly hated by both Sikhs and Hindus, begin to see that if the Northwest Frontier Province were united with the Punjab, their numerical advantage would be greatly increased. From this it is but a step to turning their eyes toward Mohammedan countries outside of India, with which some of their leaders would welcome political fusion. Naturally this runs directly counter to the nationalist aspirations of the Hindus.

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PROHIBITION NORTH OF THE BALTIC

FINLAND and Scandinavia have so much in common economically and socially that an important public issue in one of these countries is very apt to become a live question also for its neighbors. Finland in 1919 prohibited the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, and has recently amended her law, increasing the penalties for its violation. During the recent prohibition campaign in Sweden, a mission of twenty-four members from that country, mostly enthusiastic advocates of this reform, visited the principal cities in Finland, interviewing officials, labor organizations, and churchmen upon the effect of the new policy. The report of this commission indicated a decline of some 50 per cent in arrests and sentences for crime between the pre-war period and 1920. However, enforcement difficulties are naturally unusually serious in a country like Finland, where so large a fraction of the population lives in seaports or in the immediate vicinity of the coast, and is engaged in fishing and seafaring pursuits that make smuggling and evasion easy for those who care to engage in such practices.

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The prohibition vote in Sweden resulted in 897,584 ayes against 942,119 noes. It was interesting as an expression of popular opinion, but had no direct legislative effect, since the referendum was simply advisory. The majority of 44,535 against prohibition was from the urban districts, the country voting heavily in favor of such legislation. In Stockholm sentiment was overwhelmingly adverse to the proposed law.

As just said, Finland and Norway — Sweden's two immediate neighbors — already have prohibition laws, though not quite so strict as our Volstead Act. For some years Sweden has had what is known as the 'Bratt' system, named after its originator, a radical young physician. This system draws a distinction between home consumption and consumption in public places, but interferes with both. To take home liquor, a resident of Sweden must have a book of coupons issued by a central office running the whole liquor trade. Only by presenting such a coupon can he procure his liquor, which is limited to four litres per month. This *mot-bok* is issued free of charge; but upon evidence that its contents are not properly used, the owner is deprived of it. Books are issued only to people who have paid their taxes in full; persons receiving unemployment relief or public assistance in any form are excluded from its privileges.

No liquor may be sold in public places except to persons who order a meal worth at least a crown and a half, or between thirty-five and forty cents. Even then the customer gets but fifteen centilitres of spirits. Liquor is very expensive in Sweden on account of the heavy revenue duties levied upon it, and the frugal Swedes show little disposition to exceed their legal quotas. The consumption of liquor is said to have decreased one half since 1913.

YUGOSLAV NOTES

Dom in Svet, a Slovenian literary monthly, recently printed a list of over one hundred newspapers and periodicals in that language, most of which have been established since the war. Some twelve of those mentioned discontinued publication last year. The multiplication of newspapers is due partly to the numerous political parties and factions that have risen in the new state. In fact, so all-present is political interest that even trade and professional journals and literary and art reviews are affiliated with political parties.

Another sidelight is cast upon the intellectual and cultural ferment in the new state by an order recently issued by the Minister of Education, ordering all students in secondary schools to wear the Serbian national costume. Two reasons were given for this order: to preserve the rapidly disappearing national fashions of dress, and to encourage the use of homespun in place of imported fabrics. This regulation has encountered lively opposition from the educated classes, who argue that Serbia should strive to 'come closer to Austrian culture,' instead of emphasizing her local peculiarities; Serbian ways and manners should be discouraged. It would be as reasonable, in the opinion of these critics, to advocate sleeping on bare floors and wearing rude sheepskin caps, as to insist upon a return to the peasant garb of former days.

The Yugoslav publicist, Zivko Bertich, writes in a late number of *Srbski Knjizevni Glasnik*, a Serbian review, that the differences between the Serbs and the Croats, which have constituted the principal internal problem of the new Kingdom, are chiefly, if not wholly, of a political nature. No deep-rooted hatred exists between the two branches of the race, which are 'ethnically and

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culturally one people, bound together by common language, customs, and folklore.' Politically, however, they have been two nations with distinct histories and aspirations. The Serbs have always dreamed of a great Serbia; the Croats have dreamed of a great Croatia for which they, too, have a background in their earlier history.

Jutro, a Slavonian Liberal daily, devotes to the Greeks, in its issue of August 5, an article that is interesting as a document of Yugoslav sentiment and opinion. The author asserts that the soldiers of that country are worthless as fighters, with the exception of some of the islanders — especially the Cretans. But the country has had wonderful luck in reaping territorial advantages from its defeats. The Turks beat the Greeks in 1897 and lost Crete to them. The Greeks were more ornamental than useful in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, and yet, when it was over, they received the prize of Saloniki and a good slice of Macedonia.

During the World War they expected and hoped that Germany would win; but when they found they had bet on the wrong horse, they staged a revolution and put Venizelos in power. With their shrewd trading instinct, they thereupon capitalized their new friendship with the Entente, so as to secure almost unhoped-for accessions of territory in both Asia and Europe when the war was over. The article, written a month before the recent fighting in Asia Minor, concludes with this at least partially prophetic conjecture: 'Should it now come to another active campaign between them and the Turks, the Greeks will more than likely lose out in the field; but that will not necessarily mean they will not profit by the outcome. It may even happen that the English will select them as their agents to guard the Bosporus and the Dardanelles.'

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

RUSSIA still remains an almost unknown factor in the coming economic restoration of Europe. The Bolshevist official economic journal, *Ekonomitsheskaya Zhisn*, in its issue of August 8, reports that the beginning of the harvest has been accompanied by much speculation in grain. The prospective wheat and barley crop of Turkestan is in the neighborhood of thirty million bushels. Various pests are doing considerable damage to crops in the central and western parts of Russia, and in the transcaspian region the losses from this source are estimated as high as 50 per cent. The Government of Samara will harvest well toward twenty million bushels, of which approximately three million bushels can be shipped to other parts of the country. In many places, however, the decline in the cultivated area has been so great that there will not be enough food produced for the local population.

Rigasche Rundschau, an authoritative journal usually well informed on Russian affairs, reports that the famine has aroused the muzhik from his proverbial torpor, and he is now making a vigorous effort to help himself. An extensive propaganda is being made in favor of growing Indian corn instead of wheat and rye, because it resists drought better than the latter grains. Americans, in spite of the absence of a treaty between their Government and Moscow authorities, are pushing trade with Russia as actively as possible One of their projects is to lease and improve the railway line from Libau to the Russian frontier, and to extend the wharf facilities at that ice-free port, in connection with a concession that they hoped to obtain from the Bolsheviki, to operate the railway line from the frontier of Lettland to Moscow itself.

The *Westminster Gazette's* Berlin cor

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respondent reports that the Stinnes group has received a concession to repair the houses and wharves of Petrograd — a task that it will require several years to complete. During that time this strategic trading point will be completely in the hands of the Germans. A German shipbuilding firm is rebuilding the Volga merchant-fleet; and in general the Germans are making rapid progress in the commercial conquest of the country. They are welcomed partly because they are the best known among the foreigners who visit the country for business objects, partly because Russian diplomats consider Germany a natural ally, and partly because Germany has had a revolution of her own and has passed through so many vicissitudes of late that her representatives in Russia know how to accommodate themselves to conditions that seem intolerable to Englishmen and Americans. 'For instance, Germans understand that to demand immediate and complete denationalization in Russia is as senseless and as impracticable as was the complete nationalization indulged in by the Bolsheviki.'

The resumption of the Nizhni Novgorod Fair continues to occupy the attention of the press of Russia and the border countries. *Ekonomitsheskaya Zhisn* for July 30 was a double issue, devoted entirely to this event. However, it is stronger in propaganda than in precise facts. *Rigasche Rundschau* reports that, up to August 5, 146 firms had registered, 93 being state organizations, 22 coöperatives, and 31 private undertakings. Only 112 individual merchants had been admitted as retailers. At the time the Fair opened some 8000 tons of merchandise and commodities had been delivered at Nizhni.

Naturally the currency question ontinues to be all-important. Foreign urrency is being used to a considerable xtent, and a free money-market exists in Moscow with the toleration of the Government. A well-known trader of that city told George Popoff, who has recently made a tour of Russia, studying economic conditions for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, that he had sold gold coin to the value of a quarter of a million dollars in the Ilyanka, or Free Currency Exchange, during a single session. The same writer states that Tsarist gold coins play no inconsiderable part in the country commerce of Russia. These coins have been largely utilized by their original possessors to purchase agricultural products, while other gold chiefly remains in the towns. This has led to a curious result: while gold bullion in Russia has a price somewhat under the world quotation, Tsarist gold coins enjoy a premium of 10 and 15 per cent upon their international value.

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A SNAPSHOT OF BULGARIA

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Westminster Gazette* sends to that journal the following cheerful impression of Bulgaria, gained during a recent visit: —

. . . A fertile country being coaxed to yield whatever of obvious wealth it possessed. Little red-tiled houses, scrupulously clean and superior to those of their Thracian neighbors, were dotted everywhere, sometimes clustered in villages of from one to two hundred families, at others in groups of twos and threes. Large haystacks were a feature of the plains and hillsides; mile upon mile of maize fields skirted the road; pleasant vineyards now hove into sight, and now long groves of ripening fruit trees. Amid all this the peasants of both sexes toiled; and although many children could be seen tending flocks and gathering hay, I was told that this is allowed only at certain periods. The remainder of the year education is free and compulsory from the age of seven to fourteen. It surprised me to learn that over 700,000 students attended the schools of Bulgaria.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

THE *National Review*, which is sometimes blunt to the point of offensiveness in its attitude toward America and Americans, — though its churlishness is largely on the surface, — characterized the Balfour note, whose echoes still reverberate through the British press, as a surpassing success in irritating the maximum number of persons in two hemispheres. It then proceeds to describe to its readers the real sentiment of America on the debt question: —

Many Americans cultivate sentimentalism with their British friends, who reciprocate in kind, and between the two a highly artificial atmosphere is created that is fruitful of subsequent misunderstandings. The Americans, as a practical people, don't mean this flapdoodle seriously, nor have they any desire to mislead us; and they cannot contain their astonishment or indignation when they eventually open the *Spectator* to discover that some casual remark about Shakespeare or Milton has been transposed by 'blood is thicker than water' enthusiasts into a passionate plea for some mighty 'English Speaking' development, which has about as much chance of materializing as, say, an alliance between Jupiter and Saturn.

British statesmen of engaging personality, who gracefully skim the surface of Washington society and who are persona gratissima everywhere, necessarily imbibe an erroneous impression of the possibilities of practical politics. They do not come in contact with the effective public opinion of the United States, to which all Washington politicians are amenable, and which, in the long run, determines what these can and shall do as opposed to what they can't and shan't do. Everyone with so much as a bowing acquaintance with real America — the only America that counts and the one we have to reckon with — has long since been aware that the single question on which there is agreement, if not unanimity, from New York to San Francisco, is that John Bull should pay up, to the uttermost farthing, the debt which our reckless, feckless Government contracted during the war, on terms so unfavorable that inquiry is called for as to how and why we placed this deadly weapon in the hands of a commercial competitor that would not fail to use it.

MINOR NOTES

UNDER the title, 'Les Cathédrales de la Cité Moderne,' *L'Illustration* publishes a suggestive illustrated article upon what an editorial note characterizes as 'possibly an Utopian project' — to house the people of Paris in skyscrapers. The accompanying half-tones are principally views of New York City, but there are two interesting exceptions: an architect's drawing of a reënforced-concrete church under construction at Raincy to commemorate the service of the Paris taxicabs in the Battle of the Marne, and an imaginary sketch of an avenue of isolated skyscraper apartment-houses separated by sufficient intervals to afford an abundance of light and air to the tenants. Indeed, such an avenue would resemble a broad parkway, bordered by a colonnade of enormous pillarlike towers, more than it would a modern city street.

THE *Manchester Guardian* printed an article last August by Dr. Meerfield, Mayor of Cologne, and a member of the Reichstag, in which he asserts that the British forces are the most popular troops in the occupied territories. Speaking of our own soldiers, he says 'The Americans were not popular with the Rhinelanders, for their rule was excessively rigorous; but their departure is viewed with regret, because it is known that their places will be filled by the French.'

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NEW FORCES IN ASIA: BOLSHEVISM VERSUS NATIONALISM

BY ROGER LABONNE

From *La Revue de Paris, August* 15
(Conservative Political and Literary Semimonthly)

We hear constantly of Soviet activities in Asia: a Congress of Oriental Peoples in Baku in 1920; Moscow's accords with Persia, Turkey, and Afghanistan in 1921; an Asiatic Labor Congress the present year; the founding of propaganda schools at Samarkand, Bokhara, and Tashkent; the erection of some twenty petty Soviet republics in the Caucasus, Crimea, and Turkestan; and the dispatch of thousands of emissaries to India, Anatolia, Korea, and China.

During the present demoralization of Europe, the Soviets have had a free field in Asia. Moscow's diplomacy has proved remarkably subtle, purposeful, and free of doctrinal preoccupations, in spite of the professed idealism of its leaders. It has been backed up, moreover, by an argument irresistible in the Orient — an effective army. Moscow never hesitates to use force when necessary. Red divisions repressed with relentless vigor the Basmachi insurrection in Turkestan in 1919; they drove an anti-Soviet Government out of Baku; and later, with the help of Turkish troops from Angora, they crushed the armies of the little republics of Armenia and Georgia. Whenever it seems expedient, Red forces cross frontiers and carry war into foreign countries. They invaded Chinese Turkestan to exterminate the Chuans, and spread over the remotest steppes of Mongolia in pursuit of Ungern's White army.

Unhampered by ordinary considerations of legitimacy, possessing effective means of persuasion, having no sensitive neighbors to be considered and no allies to be consulted, and, last of all, knowing perfectly the mentality of the races with which they are dealing, the Soviet authorities have been able to accommodate their policy freely to the demands of the moment, without troubling themselves over Communist principles.

Yet they have been consistent to this extent: they have invariably represented themselves to the natives as liberators. In contrast with the leaders of the French Revolution, who from the outset tried to eliminate local differences and to wipe out every trace of regional autonomy, who abolished ancient provinces and kingdoms and parceled out their territories to suit an artificial administrative scheme, the Russian revolutionary leaders pose as the defenders of local rights and customs. They set up in every petty district national commissions endowed liberally with autonomous authority, and even bestow upon them ancient Russian territories. Their affected liberalism goes to such an extent that they grant such rights even to diminutive and petty tribes of primitive people, like the Zyrians, the Votyaks, and the Cheremisses. Altogether some sixty-five millions of these people — Ukrainians, Turks, White Russians, nomads of the Caspian and Baikal steppes, rude tribes of the Siberian frontier, civilized natives of Georgia, Armenia, and Azer-

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baijan — have, at least in theory, realized their national aspirations under the ægis of the Soviet Republic, and have become the allies of their big sister at Moscow.

This pseudoliberalism was of the utmost service to the Bolsheviki in their struggle against the Tsarist leaders. No matter what their professions, the latter personified in the eyes of these ethnic minorities Russification to the limit, while the Soviets at least received the benefit of a doubt.

Thus the Soviet Government followed a consistent policy against counter-revolution. By skillful propaganda behind the lines of its adversaries it appealed simultaneously to the private and public interests of the local population. It promised them independence and dangled before their ambitious leaders the promise of high positions in the local Soviets. Ordinarily the appearance of a Red division was enough to rally the people enthusiastically to the Communist cause, whose Tsarist adversaries found themselves surprised and betrayed in their own camp.

This plan was employed against Kolchak. The native tribes of Siberia revolted and started a backfire of armed resistance in the Russian admiral's rear. Hundreds of emissaries were also sent to Azerbaijan, just before the Bolshevist intervention there, and a few days later the armored trains of the Red forces entered the petroleum capital without firing a shot. The same thing happened in Georgia and Armenia. Before the final offensive against Wrangel, a general congress of the Kirghiz, called at the instigation of Moscow, summoned all the people of that race to arms. At Urga, Ungern proclaimed himself the champion of Mongolian independence, but the Bolsheviki outbid him so successfully that the people revolted against his rule and welcomed the Reds as liberators.

However, like every revolutionary government, the Soviet rulers profess liberty with their lips and practise autocracy in their acts. Finding the new régime of freedom more despotic than that of the Tsars, the 'liberated' populations soon tried to shake off the yoke they had invited. Most of the Bolshevist commissioners set over them were former Tsarist officials who interpreted Communism in accordance with their traditional ways of thinking. So the chauvinism of these bureaucrats only strengthened the desire for independence among the people subjected to them.

The representatives of Moscow were forced to intervene repeatedly to prevent Communist meetings and congresses in these regions from becoming demonstrations against Bolshevism and in favor of national or religious separatism. Occasionally this opposition assumed violent form. At Dagestan a native ruler for a long time defied several Red Guard divisions; the whole Eleventh Soviet army had to be sent against the partisans of Djemal-Eddin; Georgia's anniversary of independence was the occasion of bloody riots; last of all, Enver Pasha, as we shall see, headed a general insurrection in Turkestan.

Moscow quickly took alarm and has established a special bureau to watch closely the Pan-Turkish and Pan-Islamic movements. The chief of this bureau has no illusions as to the seriousness of his task. His last reports make this clear: Bolshevist doctrine is securing no converts among the Turks. If some of them profess Communism, it is merely for their private advantage.

In fact, it could hardly be otherwise among these semicivilized tribes. They have no industrial proletariat, but are still nomadic herdsmen living the patriarchal life that they lived in the days of the Mongol Emperors. Perceiving the failure of its revolutionary prop-

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ganda, Moscow is industriously cultivating a spirit of exaggerated local self-consciousness among these primitive races. It is trying to reduce them to a sort of national dust, which it will be impossible to cement again into larger units. That explains the erection of a multitude of little Soviet republics, or provinces, throughout Central Asia. Every morning witnesses the birth of a new State, perhaps with hardly the population of a small French department. There is something almost childish in the efforts of the Bolsheviki to revive the dying local languages and to convert the barbarous dialects of illiterate savages into literary idioms. Scholars are working industriously at Moscow making translations of revolutionary pamphlets into Zyrian and Votyak. These new tongues are being introduced into the courts, the schools, and the administration, and are employed upon the stage and in the newspapers.

But this policy does not seem to have checked the Pan-Turkish movement. For instance, the first act of the Pan-Kirghiz Soviet at Orenburg was to send a message of greeting to the neighboring republic of the Bashkirs, declaring, 'Our people are such close kin, their pursuits are so identical, that it is imperative that we should form a close union from which we may derive strength.'

So preoccupied are we with our affairs at home that we are inclined to regard Mongolia as a country of little importance, a place where American and Japanese rivalries, the national aspirations of Mongols, Chinese, Koreans, and lesser tribes, and Communist propaganda and Tsarist intrigue breed constant strife. The situation suggests remotely that in Macedonia. But Zinov'ev was not mistaken when he said at the Far Eastern Congress: —

Asiatic questions played a great rôle in 1914, in spite of the imminence of the European conflict. They now occupy the first place in the public eye. Victors and vanquished alike see that their European quarrel is but a tempest in a teapot, that imperialist rivalries will eventually culminate in the Orient. The centre of gravity is moving toward Asia.

The Far Eastern Republic, which the Soviet Government has set up east of Lake Baikal, occupies an important crossroads, where many conflicting interests centre. Its brief history is a synthesis of the bitter political and economic battle in which the Great Powers bordering on the Pacific are now engaged.

Last year an incident occurred in Mongolia that showed that national sentiment is as strong among its desert nomads as among the more settled population of Central Asia. A Russian officer, General Ungern, had only to present himself at Urga with a few White Guard soldiers and proclaim himself liberator of Mongolia, to rally the whole nation to his banners. The people rose almost as a man from their slumber of nearly a thousand years, when the memory of their ancient empire was evoked. Ungern is said to have had at one time fifty thousand fighting men behind him. The Japanese and the Chinese Governors of the provinces viewed his enterprise with favor. In spite of this promising beginning, however, this leader made the same mistakes that Denikin, Kolchak, and Wrangel committed; and the enthusiasm of the people speedily evaporated. Meanwhile, the Soviet authorities were on the alert. They set up a Communist Mongolian Government, promised the people complete autonomy, and secured the powerful support of the Living Buddha. As a result, Ungern was utterly defeated, and eventually captured and executed by his Bolshevist opponents. So, for the time being, Mongolia is ruled by a so-called

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Communist Government under the protection of Moscow.

Returning to the Caucasus, we have seen that Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan, after setting up independent Governments which were recognized by the Entente, were overrun by the Bolsheviki in 1921. During this campaign, the Angora Government cooperated with its Moscow allies, receiving certain territorial compensations in return.

Azerbaijan is a child of the war. During the fighting in the Caucasus between the Turks and the Russians, Khalil Pasha, the uncle of Enver Pasha, conceived the idea of rechristening the Russian province of Baku with the name of its Persian neighbor, Azerbaijan, and uniting the two districts under Turkish rule. This new State still retains that name, and its population of some three million Tartars have become conscious of their ethnic unity. During the British occupation of 1919, an army of petroleum prospectors and speculators overran the province. When the Bolsheviki returned, they pitilessly persecuted the supporters of the previous Government. Hundreds of Azerbaijan notables were executed, and the mosques and private residences of Mohammedans were sacked by the Red soldiers. These incidents brought a vigorous protest from the Turkish National Assembly at Angora, and for a time threatened to compromise the good relations between the two Governments. Almost immediately, however, the episode was forgotten in the rejoicing over the defeat of Wrangel and the joint conquest of Armenia and Georgia.

Meanwhile, on the first of September, 1920, the Communists organized their great Congress of 1800 delegates at Baku. Zinov'ev, Radek, and Bucharin were in charge, and hoped to proselyte all Asia for their cause. However, most of the delegates were Mohammedans, who had come in the hope of laying the foundations for a vast Pan-Islamic confederation. One party sought to abolish capitalism, the other to abolish Christian sovereignty. Between these conflicting purposes the Congress came to an impasse. The most significant incident during the session was the enthusiastic reception given Enver Pasha by the Mussulman delegates.

Germany's attention was directed to Turkestan immediately after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed. She hoped to procure, from that fertile region, wheat, cotton, wool, and other commodities of which she was in sore need. She further proposed to make the twelve million Tartars and other Mohammedans in that region a pivot on which to swing her campaign against England in Asia. She planned to recruit there an army of native troops with Ottoman officers to invade India. However, the prompt intervention of British forces defeated these ambitious projects. Berlin was cut off from her communications with Central Asia by the English occupation of the Caspian Basin.

It was this German plan that Enver Pasha later attempted to put into effect. He made Turkestan his base of operations in Asia. But instead of attempting an offensive toward the south, against British India, he secretly planned to defeat the Bolshevist armies in the north. Last March the former dictator of Turkey broke with his recent friends at Moscow, greatly to the surprise of many persons well informed upon Asiatic questions. For it had been assumed that Enver would champion German-Russian coöperation. His relations with the German military caste continued extremely cordial. He sought every favorable occasion to reappear among his old army comrades at Berlin, where he was always received with enthusiasm at officers' reunions.

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His special mission was ostensibly to secure military instructors for the army the Soviets were raising at Tashkent, an army that he claimed was to be used to operate against India, in conjunction with the Afghan army commanded by another member of the old Turkish triumvirate, Djemal Pasha.

When the Greeks were driving back the Turks during their late offensive in Anatolia, it was a common report that Enver would come to the succor of his compatriots at the head of these Mohammedan divisions of the Russian army. In reality, however, the relations between Enver and the Soviet have grown notably colder ever since the Baku Congress. His enthusiastic reception there aroused the suspicions of the Bolshevist commissars and they made their plans accordingly.

Enver, for his part, was mainly responsible for the bombardment of the Russian Black Sea ports in 1914 and the entrance of Turkey into the war on Germany's side. He had never been really friendly with his former enemies. So, as soon as he felt the ground sufficiently solid beneath his feet in Turkestan, he started out to overthrow the Bolshevist Government there. Although he failed, and lost his life in the attempt, his break with the Moscow Government marks a definite step in the evolution of nationalism in Central Asia. It proves that in spite of all the Communist propaganda lavished upon the people, they have not been converted to Communist doctrines. Moreover, this attempt to emancipate Turkestan was but one of the tangible manifestations of a much broader nationalist movement. Since the Basmachi rebelled in 1917, revolt has been endemic among the Turko-Mohammedan peoples of Asia.

It is a singular anomaly, therefore, that while these different Turkish tribes are struggling to emancipate themselves from Russian control, the only independent Turkish people has become a more or less voluntary vassal of Moscow. Under the color of a necessary alliance, the Ottoman Empire has made itself a tool of Soviet policy. Moreover, the Turks have shown themselves to be zealous agents of the Bolsheviki. As we have said, they gave the latter support in Turkestan, thus threatening Kolchak from the rear. They sent troops to the Bashkir country to aid in the defeat of Denikin. They appeared among the Kirghiz to assure the overthrow of Wrangel; and they were Moscow's allies when Georgia and Armenia were overrun. From Baikal to the Bosporus their policy has been invariably the same. One might almost imagine that these scattered tribes were consciously following a prearranged and systematic plan of campaign. At the outset, their alliance with the Bolsheviki was dictated by necessity. Their only hope of emancipation was through the Revolution. As long as there was a prospect that reaction might succeed the Turks and the Bolsheviki remained united in face of this common menace. But as soon as the White armies were driven definitely from the field, these ties relaxed.

Therefore the situation in Central Asia is entering upon a new phase, the beginning of which may be conveniently dated from Enver Pasha's revolt in Turkestan. However, force is a divinity whose prestige eclipses every other cult in Asia. So long as the people there believe that the Russian colossus, clad in his new uniform of red, is all-powerful, they will bow to his will, partly through fear, partly through atavistic worship of might. Furthermore, Communism, with its mysterious doctrine, possesses a strong attraction for some cultivated Asiatic minds, prone as they are to mysticism; and also for the illiterate masses, who are

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ever ready to believe in the unknown. But since economic disorganization and general demoralization were seen to follow in the path of Bolshevist rule, doubt has begun to seize these converts.

Moscow anticipated this danger and took prompt measures to combat it. Propaganda trains were dispatched to visit the Sarts, the Bokharans, the Kirghiz, the Usbegs, and the Turkomans, to win them back to the faith. Billions of rubles, carloads of books, and tons of newspapers, pamphlets, and proclamations were distributed. Some five hundred and fifty Communist committees were organized. Trains equipped with moving pictures, libraries, and telegraph offices stopped at every station to give entertainments, and to report the latest news.

Simultaneously, however, all Red Russia busied itself with military preparations. Trotskiĭ reported that the Soviet officials were studying Hindu. Detachments of all arms of the service, automobile trains, thousands of camels, and military columns converged upon Tashkent, and the Bolshevist commander there ordered that the plateau of Pamir, the gate of British India, be occupied. An alliance was made with the Afghans. They were offered Merv, which they consider an Afghan *irredenta*, and were sent a large consignment of munitions, together with sixty skilled Bolshevist propagandists. However, both propaganda and intimidation failed to check the growing wave of nationalism, sweeping through Central Asia. Afghanistan shook off Bolshevist control, and the chief of the Bolshevist delegation to that country was assassinated. Last of all, the Emir began to cultivate friendly relations with England and sent a minister to London.

It was at that time that the army mobilized in Turkestan to invade India broke up, and Enver Pasha so suddenly turned upon his recent allies. Aided by many of the officers of the old Turkish army who had served under him in the World War, he for a time resisted successfully Budennyi, the famous cavalry-leader of the Reds.

Notwithstanding Enver's defeat and death, the movement for the emancipation of Asia continues to gain headway. Its leaders are, for the most part, men well educated in the Western arts and sciences. They pursue their aim with the ardor of neophytes, the faith of apostles, and the mysticism of illuminati. Always proud of their race, often bitter haters of the whites, absolutely convinced of the great future of their country, and believing that faith and determination are sure to win, they are equally hostile to Western imperialism and to Russian Communism. This sentiment is sweeping through India, Egypt, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, and Anatolia. No wonder that it causes sleepless nights at Moscow.

Meanwhile, however, other influences are at work, and the Bolshevist leaders retain their close connection with Angora. They have installed Bolshevist consuls in all the principal towns controlled by the Turkish National Government, and their economic missions are found in all parts of Asia Minor. Following the treaty of Rapallo between Germany and Russia, these relations have grown even closer and have extended to new spheres — probably to Turkey in Europe.

A feud resembling that between rival clans always existed between Enver Pasha and Mustafa Kemal. The two represented diametrically opposed policies with respect to Turkey's future. Circumstances made them both personal adversaries and champions of opposite ideas. Enver hated first and foremost Russia, and sought to liberate

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Turkey from the control of the Soviets. Mustafa Kemal regards Western Europe as the great enemy, and aspires to be the champion of all the Mohammedans, instead of the Turks alone. Enver Pasha responded primarily to the ties of blood; Mustafa Kemal also to the ties of faith. Enver was the partisan of a cause confined to Asia; Mustafa's visions encompass all Europe and the Islamic world as well. Enver's followers were primarily interested in liberating the Turks of Central Asia. The Kemalists attach importance also to the fate of their fellow racials in Europe.

We see, therefore, that the Turkish question is not a simple conflict between the Greeks and the Ottomans. Viewed in its broad relations, it embraces an entire continent. It is but the active battle-line in a great war between hostile races and religions, complicated by the interplay of ancient rivalries and internal feuds that have existed for a thousand years among Asia's countless sects and tribes. Considered as an internal question for the Turks, it is but another chapter in the age-old struggle between the principle of Islam and the principle of nationality, which has always existed in the lands they ruled.

Pan-Turanism, the emancipation of all peoples of Turkish blood, whether former subjects of the Sultan or of the Tsar, is but one of those popular passions, begotten of the war, whose rapid spread and intensity are disconcerting the statesmen of to-day. It sadly disturbs our routine ideas. But it has worked miracles, among these peoples, that should startle even the most unprejudiced. It has transformed the plodding Egyptian fellah, the resigned and fatalistic Anatolian peasant, and the impassive and servile Hindu into courageous warriors, tough sticklers for their rights, and fervent champions of high national ideals.

A SWISS JOURNALIST IN POLAND

[Last summer a party of a dozen or more Swiss journalists made a trip through Poland under the auspices of that Government. The article that follows is a summarized record of what they saw.]

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, July* 18, 19, 21, 23, 25
(Swiss Republican Daily)

The Polish Republic just now resembles a factory under construction. Most faults commonly ascribed to bad political engineering are the natural accompaniments of every new undertaking. To be sure, the Polish temperament is responsible for some of the country's troubles. Impatience of discipline, a preference for politics rather than business, and a dangerous delight in party strife are qualities that the Poles themselves condemn in their people. Political controversy runs high, but it is merely the inevitable clash of interests between the nationalists, clericals, and landlords upon the Right, led just at present by Korfanty, and the democratic peasants on the Left, at whose head stands Pilsudski.

But the traveler finds many things in

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Poland that are more attractive than cabinet crises. A man who traverses the country from Posen to Lemberg, and from Vilna to the high Carpathians, is astounded at the manifold cultural, political, and economic problems that force themselves on his attention. Whenever we awoke in the morning and caught a first glimpse of the country from the traveling hotel that carried us more than three thousand miles through Polish territory, we found ourselves in a new world. Each city has its own character and still retains evidence of its recent past, so that one can guess immediately to which of the three former empires it belonged.

In Posen we find Prussian discipline and tidiness — a discipline that lays primary stress upon the mechanics of life and has created the sharp divisions that still separate the Poles from the Germans. In former Russian Poland we are greeted with the aftermath of Tsarist rule — dilapidated streets and neglected schools. In old Austrian Galicia we are surprised by the presence of much culture and tolerance, and encounter men graduated from the Polish universities of Krakow and Lemberg, who now fill most of the higher offices at Warsaw and in the army, as well as the principal diplomatic posts. It will take several generations to bring the common people in the more backward provinces up to the level of the educated classes in the cities to-day.

'Poznan!' shouts the guard, when the train enters the station of the former Prussian provincial capital of Posen. The man still wears part of his old German uniform, with the white eagle of the Polish Republic on his four-cornered cap. However, he knows nothing more of 'Posen,' though he answers you in excellent German. Practically every Pole in the city knows that language, though he never uses it when this can be avoided. However, I surprised two cabmen talking German to each other.

But we have not come to Posen to ferret out German traits. We observe at once that the streets and the squares are Polish. The soft Slavic speech strikes gently on our ear, and though the blond Posen Poles have not lost all traces of their Prussian military bearing, and the market place is far tidier and better kept than that of Lodz, for instance, yet the bright colors on the streets have a true Polish quality. To be sure, the shops have a German look, and one notices German signs oftener than in Prague. German books are displayed in the numerous bookstalls. A Polish priest who sat beside me, in a typically Polish black coat and high boots, was reading Hölderlin's poems.

We visited several factories here. At one they turn out five new railway-cars a day and a motor car every other day. They will soon be building locomotives. We saw a tobacco factory that has a daily output of six million cigarettes. We were interested in noting the rapid growth of these industries since Poland became independent. They have to overcome some German opposition even now: for instance, the tobacco factory was unable to purchase machinery directly in Germany. It had to get its equipment from that country via Holland.

But Posen is more interested in politics than in factories. Even a fleeting visit shows a visitor that everything is still in transition, and that changing from one government to another is by no means a painless process. At the entrance of the city is a sumptuous palace that Wilhelm II built just before the war. The people show it now as an interesting sight. One wing is occupied by the new Polish University. But we find the old historical buildings of the city far more absorbing. The ancient City Hall was originally a Gothic struc-

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ture, remodeled by a Swiss architect from Ticino into Renaissance. Prussian officials saw to it that harmless Polish coats of arms were erased, and Prussian eagles painted over them. The new mayor of Posen has revenged himself for this by having the portraits of Prussian kings that formerly hung in the great reception hall repainted with portraits of Polish heroes. Kosciusko stared at us uncomfortably from the breeches of Friedrich Wilhelm I.

One can hardly visit Poland to-day without seeing Danzig, which is the link connecting that country with the sea. The city lies at the mouth of the Vistula, and for that reason is Poland's natural outlet to the ocean. At the station we were greeted simultaneously by representatives of the Danzig Senate, of the Polish Government, and of the League of Nations. The Danzig authorities first took us in charge, our Polish hosts graciously surrendering this precedence to the local authorities.

We were first favored with a speech by the President of the Senate, on the political and economic situation of the Free City. The speaker was a shrewd and reserved gentleman of whom the Poles cherish none too pleasant memories, for he was in charge of Germany's military police in Warsaw during the occupation. He told us that Danzig was adjusting herself to the conditions created by the Versailles Treaty, although her people had not been consulted regarding it. Since her separation from Germany, the principal problem facing her has been to arrive at a tolerable working agreement with Poland, under the protection of the League of Nations — an agreement that would assure Poland's access to the sea without impairing Danzig's sovereignty as a free city. By a recent agreement between Danzig and Poland, the Government of the latter country has been given extensive rights over the railways and harbor works. The city still retains its German private law and German currency, but it has been incorporated in a customs union with Poland.

Strolling through the city, with its stately gabled mansions and Renaissance palaces, its monumental churches and harbor works, we almost forget its Polish hinterland, and think of it only as an old German commercial town. Yet the city's prosperity has always depended on its Polish trade. When Russia practically closed navigation on the Vistula and set up a customs barrier between the two countries, it was a heavy blow to Danzig's prosperity and she quickly lagged behind her sister ports. Indeed, her golden age was from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, when she was virtually part of Poland.

We witnessed a picturesque scene as we were entering Vilna. Just within the city gate a crowd of worshipers was kneeling in the narrow street, chanting a litany. There were old women in bright kerchiefs, tiny ill-clad children, stalwart soldiers, and bright-eyed maidens. A priest was celebrating Mass in a chapel which is built next to a tower over the street. The sound of an organ filled the air. One involuntarily doffed his hat and fancied he was in a church. This is Ostrobrama, with its miracle-working image of the Virgin, next to Czestochowa the most famous place of pilgrimage in Poland. Whenever we came here later, we inevitably found it thronged with simple worshipers.

The better we became acquainted with Vilna, and the more familiar we grew with its narrow irregular streets of dumpy houses, interrupted by towering churches and cathedrals, the more impressed we were with the religious temperament of the people. In the cathedral, where every conceivable style of architecture seems to have

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found a welcome, confession is heard in public. A priest listened with a bowed head to the words a penitent whispered in his ear, and when she kissed his hand at leaving, her black headdress fell back and I recognized the clear-cut features of a Polish peasant-woman. But behold! There, on the corner, two red-bearded Jews in black caftans are haggling over a trade; and in the neighboring city-park pretty women of unmistakable Semitic type are strolling. A glance into the crowded ghetto reveals throngs of Jews loitering in front of dark shops or gesticulating in dirty courtyards. We also see Russian priests on the streets, who remind us that the Orthodox Church has many followers here. In addition, there are a few thousand Calvinists, mostly of old Polish stock; but they make no impression on the street life.

Vilna is a city of churches. It has also been called 'a forgotten art-gallery.' And indeed, as we look down upon it from the old Castle Hill, it reveals a surprising wealth of architectural and scenic beauty. The city does not lie in a Russian steppe, but nestles among pleasant wooded heights at the confluence of the Vileyka and the Vilya. More than thirty churches lift their spires and pinnacles above the sky line. Among them towers a great Russian cathedral with glittering golden cupolas; less prominent is the modest but exquisite red Gothic jewel of Saint Anna's, which Napoleon wanted to carry outright to Paris. Then there are the old palaces of wealthy Polish families rising above their neighbors. Across the Vilya, on a great parade-ground, lie the Russian barracks, occupied successively during the war by German regiments, by Bolshevist troops, and last of all by Zeligowski's forces.

At present there is a strong garrison here, some four thousand men, and one sees sturdy, healthy-looking Polish soldiers everywhere. Zeligowski himself has no taste for publicity. He has withdrawn to his little estate near the city and is living the life of a simple country squire, absorbed in growing cabbages. Our visit to him had its surprises. We expected to meet a martial-looking man, a man of the challenging, aggressive officer-type. We found instead a modest man of the people, with a good-humored, fatherly air. He rather suggested an honest Swiss forester or gamekeeper. A reddish beard framed his delicate, tanned countenance, to which two steel-blue eyes gave a suggestion of strength and resolution. The General was in ordinary citizen-dress Had there not been maps upon the wall, and a young adjutant in the house, nothing would have suggested that our host had even interested himself in military things.

The General related in a simple, matter-of-fact way what caused him to seize Vilna. After the Bolshevist drive against Warsaw in the autumn of 1920 was repulsed, the Vilna division of the Polish army could not get home because the Lithuanians and the Russians had joined forces against them. So the General decided to seize the town in order that his soldiers might see their families. 'That is why they call me a bandit,' he said, laughing.

During our stay in Vilna, anti-Semite demonstrations occurred, though they are forbidden by the authorities. It interested us greatly to see the persons engaged in the quarrel, which the European press exaggerated into a pogrom, brought directly before the *Voevoda*, in whose company we were enjoying a midday meal in the open air and singing Swiss songs. General Zeligowski got up, walked calmly down to where the excited disputants were, and speedily made peace among them with an authoritative air.

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Many, perhaps most, of Zeligowski's former officers are enrolled at the University — an old institution that dates back to 1578. However, it was suppressed by the Russian Government after the Polish revolt of 1832, and not reopened until Pilsudski, a former schoolboy of Vilna, woke it from its long slumber in 1919. Now there are more than sixteen thousand students, including many women, attending its courses.

Our trip from Vilna to Warsaw took thirteen hours. It would have been shorter if we had gone by the direct route; but this passes by the neutral zone established between Lithuania and Poland and was therefore closed to traffic. However, the eastern detour through Lida had its charm.

The approach to Warsaw from the East is exceedingly picturesque. From Praga, on the opposite bank of the Vistula, the citadel and the houses clustered close around it still give the town the aspect of a mediæval stronghold. But Warsaw itself is a West European city, and the general trend of development within the town itself is also toward the West. It is in the western quarters that English, French, Dutch, and Danish shipping companies and commercial firms have their offices. In these broad avenues a visitor might forget that he was on the verge of Eastern Europe, did not an occasional Jew in a long *lapserdak* every now and then confront him as he turned a corner. There are other odd contrasts also. Here comes a lady dressed in the latest Paris fashion, threading her way between barefooted Polish peasant-women, selling vegetables or bright kerchiefs by the street-side.

If we penetrate the older section of the city, only a few steps from the citadel we come upon an ancient market-place — the only inclosed square in Warsaw. Stately residences of the former burghers are still reminiscent of the dignified life of earlier days. Now, however, the place is almost deserted, except for a crowd of noisy children. Both aristocracy and business have sought the newer quarters of the city.

A little apart from the livelier districts are the two political centres: Parliament or the Seym, and the Belvedere. The new Polish Parliament occupies a remodeled girls' school, whose chapel has been converted into a narrow legislative chamber. Bad acoustics, the schoolroom order of the members' seats, and the inconvenient placing of the ministerial benches tucked along one side, seem to hamper parliamentary procedure. However, most of the real work of this body is transacted at political clubs, which are the most prominent features of public life in Warsaw.

At the Belvedere, far away in the southern end of the city, resides Pilsudski, Chief of State, a resolute, taciturn man and the strongest personality in the Republic. His palace looks out over the wonderful avenues of Lazenki Park, whose beauty was vaunted even by the Tsars.

Imagine a broad plain covered by a forest of black factory-chimneys, whose smoke rises perpendicularly and, slowly sinking, saturates the air with soot and gas. That is Lodz. Beneath this canopy of smoke is the low murmur of music — the humming of thousands upon thousands of spindles and looms. Men of every race and type hurry hither and thither. Abrupt social contrasts force themselves upon our notice — prodigal wealth and grinding poverty; luxurious palaces and dilapidated wooden huts; stately modern factories and unsanitary, half-ruined operatives' tenements.

It is an experience to watch the busy

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life that flows along Petrokow Street, which runs straight as a string for seven miles through the centre of the city. Short cross-streets cut it at right angles, but there is no other main thoroughfare of importance. At certain hours each day an army of Polish weavers and spinners, countless working girls from the small factories, ladies and gentlemen of fashion in automobiles and carriages, Jews and Christians, foreigners and natives, intermingle along its course. Lodz is the Jewish centre of former Russian Poland, and Jews dominate the street life. To a stranger it looks like a race migration — this endless procession of slender red-bearded youths and old men whose interesting features often recall Old Testament types, passing in their long caftans and black caps.

Lodz is a young city, without traditions or history. A hundred years ago a little primitive cloth-factory was set up in a forest hamlet here. Half a century later the place had 50,000 inhabitants. Then Russia put a high tariff on textile fabrics and the population and industries of the city sprang forward by leaps and bounds. Just before the war its cotton factories contained a million and a half spindles and thirty-five thousand power-looms, and employed 64,000 operatives; while its woollen factories contained 200,000 worsted spindles and 10,000 looms, and employed well toward 40,000 operatives. Despite the fact that the city's manufacturing establishments were despoiled by the Germans during the war, it has already so far recovered that from 80 to 90 per cent of its pre-war machinery is again in operation.

Two hundred miles or more southeast of Lodz, lies another Polish industrial centre, Borislaw, seated in the foothills of the Carpathians, at the very heart of the country's petroleum fields. The place can hardly be called a city. It is merely a long straggling street of wooden huts and ugly stone houses — a street ankle-deep in mud or dust, according to the weather. The place has a transient and makeshift appearance, like a Californian mining-camp.

More than six hundred derricks, scattered haphazard over the rolling and wooded landscape, give the surrounding country a truly infernal aspect. Steam and smoke almost hide the boiler houses. The oil strata lie very deep. There are three 'horizons' — 2500, 3600, and 4500 feet below the surface. An average well produces about 40,000 metric tons of crude oil before it is exhausted. The high cost of sinking wells has curtailed the development of late, especially as the field is no longer as productive as formerly. Yet there are constant surprises. During our short stay in Borislaw, the Silvaplana Company struck a new source worth millions, in what was considered an exhausted well. By sinking to the lower horizon, another apparently dead well suddenly produced, without pumping, 240 metric tons a day, worth in the neighborhood of twenty million Polish marks.

All the world has heard of Upper Silesia, but it knows far less of Dombrova, old Russian Silesia, where Poland's principal coal-fields lie. Russia paid little attention to their development and left their exploitation largely to French and German capitalists. The whole district has become an unattractive but impressive industrial centre. Driving through the country, one is seldom out of sight of smoking factory-chimneys. We visited a mine that is producing 1500 tons of coal daily and another where 1900 miners are employed. We noticed many young barefooted girls performing heavy labor, especially shifting cars and on the breakers. They earn a thousand Polish

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marks a day, which enables them to dance in silk and satin on Sundays and holidays.

Lemberg, the capital of the old Austrian Crown Province of Galicia, is, like Vilna, a far outpost of Polish culture, to which that country's title is disputed by her neighbors. Two fifths of the inhabitants are Jews and one tenth are Ruthenians, a peasant people who form an undisputed majority of the rural population of the province. From Castle Hill we get a wide view over the city, with its forest of towers and steeples, and the neighboring Galician plain.

The city's commercial importance depends upon its convenience as a transshipping point between Eastern and Western Europe. An ancient privilege gave the town the right to warehouse all goods in transit for a specified period. Upon a height opposite Castle Hill stand the buildings of the Lemberg Fair. This was established two years ago and has been a great success. New pavilions are being erected for French, Belgian, Austrian, and Czechoslovak exhibitors. Below, in the city itself, our eye catches the monumental home of the Chamber of Commerce, a body quite independent of the municipal government, levying its own taxes. Every merchant is obliged by law to be a member. The reviving prosperity of this war-harried town is due to the boundless wheatlands that surround it, to the adjacent oil-fields, and to the logging camps and sawmills of the neighboring Carpathians.

There are few more beautiful trips than that from Eastern to Western Galicia, skirting the Carpathian mountains. Fertile fields as far as the eyes can reach, red poppies adding a faint blush to the distant landscapes, clear, boisterous brooks and rivers plunging through graceful groves of beeches, herds of sleek cattle and countless flocks of geese, remain its outstanding features in my memory. We are in the midst of a territory stained deeply with the carnage of the war; but we are scarcely conscious of the fact. There are no burned forests, ruined houses, or shell-torn fields, as in Northern France. Occasionally we note a scarred or uprooted forest-monarch or a shell-shattered peasant's hut; but nothing that tells a tale of persistent and wanton destruction. Bridges and roads have suffered, but the Poles are showing commendable energy in restoring them. After we pass the Dunajec, even these fast-vanishing tokens of war disappear. The Russians never reached Krakow.

This ancient capital of the Polish realm is populated by a freer and less self-conscious citizenry than the other towns we have visited. She fought so long and so devotedly for Poland's cause that her relation to new Poland is unique and unchallenged. Kosciusko and his peasants marched forth from her gates in 1794, to fight his unhappy campaign for liberty. Here started the Polish insurrections of 1831 and 1846. Even after Krakow's incorporation into the Austrian monarchy, she remained the cultural centre of the Polish race. Their historical traditions and scholarly environment have given her citizens broad and dispassionate outlooks.

Under the Austrian régime, Polish was her official language and the language of her University. In fact, Austria used the Poles to keep other subject nationalities in check. To-day Krakow exhibits an undercurrent of antagonism to Warsaw, the new capital to which she has been forced to yield precedence. Even now, however, she remains the proud shrine of Polish patriotism. Polish children come here as to the cradle of their liberties. We met them everywhere: in the old Royal Palace, around the flower-decked grave of Kosciusko, at the tomb of Adam Mickiewicz. The old cathedral re-

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mained the sepulchre of the Polish kings even after 1600, when they removed their capital from Krakow to Warsaw. Here are the tombs of Jan Sobieski, who defeated the Turks, and of Józef Poniatowski, the last great army-commander of the Old Kingdom.

We bade Poland farewell from the High Tatra, where the loftiest peaks of the Carpathians rise to an altitude of over 8000 feet. To be sure, this is not a land of glaciers and eternal snows; but there is compensation for their absence in the wild pine-forests, lofty precipices, and narrow cañons, as beautiful as any in the Jura. In the higher altitudes we were delighted to discover hundreds of little ponds bedded behind ancient glacial moraines. A motor trip of two hours over a magnificent highway brought us to Morskie Oko, 'the eye of the sea.' In the still surface of this picturesque mountain-lake the steep precipices of the neighboring heights are reflected as unbroken as in a mirror.

A last view of Poland remains my parting memory. One Sunday morning we descended through beech forests and the scanty alpine pastures to Czarny Stav, the 'Black Lake' — a dreamy, reposeful body of water slumbering in the lap of the Skinnica, the highest peak in Poland. At one point along the route we had a broad view over the distant lowlands. Directly beneath us lay Zakopane, 'Mud Hollow,' all alive with festive rejoicing over Poland's recovery of Upper Silesia. To the north the wooded highlands fell away to the very suburbs of Krakow. On the west our vision lost itself across the far Silesian plains.

A FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

BY I. DEMIDOV

[In the Living Age *of September 2 an article was published from a Bolshevist source, describing the recent church revolution in Soviet Russia. We print below another version of this important controversy, which affects the spiritual life of well toward a hundred million people, from the pen of a member of the Eastern Church.]*

From *Sovremennya Zapiski, July* 14
(Paris Russian-Language Liberal Bimonthly)

It seemed, for a time, that the Russian Church might withstand the tempest of destruction that is sweeping over our country, and even gather new strength from it. But we now discover that the process of deterioration has undermined even the ecclesiastical structure. A struggle to overthrow it has begun — not outside, but within its very portals; not only are the Bolsheviki and the Jesuit Fathers trying to subjugate it to their will, but the church hierarchy itself begins to submit to the 'Prince of this world.' And all the while the people are silent and patient. They have not yet found a great religious principle for which they are willing to fight and which is the inspiration of their lives. For centuries they bore patiently the great injustice

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of Old Russia; they now bear with equal patience the great injustice of New Russia.

Never has this new injustice resembled the old one more than when Patriarch Tikhon was removed from office and put under trial. Men believed that the Bolsheviki would not dare to fight the Patriarch openly — that the people would not tolerate such presumption. These hopes are shattered. The Bolsheviki merely waited for a good opportunity, found useful traitors among the priests, and as usual were met by complete passivity in the people.

Patriarch Tikhon could not be tolerated by the Bolsheviki: he symbolized the *unity*, *freedom*, and *independence* of the Church; he was the only person in all Russia who was chosen and given power by the people — and not by the Soviets nor by the survivors of the régime preceding the Soviets. The Patriarchal See was restored and the Patriarch himself elected by the Pan-Russian Church Council of 1917 — that is, by all the Russian people. Such a manifestation of the popular will must be promptly suppressed. There might be another patriarch after Tikhon; but he must be a creature of the Bolsheviki, one who received his power from their hands.

Two hundred years ago Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchal See in order to make the Church a government department entirely subservient to himself. For two hundred years Russian children were taught that a free, independent Church would be bad for Russia; and it was rated disloyal even to mention restoring the Patriarchal See. To desire freedom and independence for the Church meant to desire the overthrow of the existing government. Such was the Tsars' jealousy of any rival to their absolute power, that a Patriarch would have been considered an enemy of Autocracy.

So the docile Church became a political tool of a despotic ruler, directed by a government dignitary — the so-called Ober-Prokurator. Naturally it carried out servilely the policies of the governing classes, became more and more alienated from the people, and entirely lost sight of the people's real needs.

But already under the rule of Nicholas II a regenerating process began to assert itself. Preliminary measures for the convocation of the Church Council were started. However, official obstacles or general apathy prevented these from being completed before the Revolution. Consequently, it was amid the tumult of this Revolution that the Council finally convened.

This recent past ought to be kept vividly before the eyes of every friend of the Russian Orthodox Church. If we hear so many protests now against the Bolshevist oppression of the Church, why did we hear no such protests before, when the Tsars were the oppressors? If we were silent all through the two hundred years of the subjugation of the Church, why is it that we are protesting now? Have we really understood how very dead our Church has been during the two hundred years of Ober-Prokurator rule?

It is a disquieting question. In Russia proper, traitors have appeared within the Church itself who appeal to the religious feelings of the people, asserting that 'there is no authority except from God.' Abroad, the recent Karlowitz Church Conference showed that there is very little genuine interest in the Church among the Russian emigrants. More than that: by adopting a resolution in favor of restoring a monarchy in Russia, the Karlowitz Conference gave to the Bolsheviki a pretext to impute political tendencies and political intrigues to the Russian Orthodox Church and, consequently, to its official head.

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Patriarch Tikhon is accused of pursuing a counter-revolutionary policy and of resisting the use of church treasures to buy food for the starving population. Those who make these charges are men who, for the sake of a Bolshevist-Communist theory, have ruined the greatest country in the world and have reduced to starvation 150 million people. On the other hand, what did Patriarch Tikhon accomplish during the four and a half years of the Bolshevist tyranny, under which he has suffered together with the people and the Church?

First of all, he established the principle of a nonpolitical Church, thus gaining for the Church freedom from Bolshevist control. The Soviet Government might sack churches, persecute priests, destroy congregations; but it could do nothing to that spiritual unity of which the members of the nonpolitical Church were gradually growing conscious. When the people began to see through the deceptions of the Bolsheviki, they turned to this Free Church as the possible centre of a future Free State. In this sense, of course, the Church became political even though it was detached from politics. But it was never permitted to become a political tool. Patriarch Tikhon safeguarded the Church from this during all the four and a half years of his public life.

None the less, the Bolsheviki scented danger here. A nonpolitical Church was a menace to them, because this meant a strengthened and independent Church. The Soviet authorities realized that the Church and the people were becoming one precisely because the priests were no longer servants of the Government, and because they now bore their full share of the common misery and persecution. In fact, the people began to hide and protect the persecuted priests and were glad to feed and support them.

Patriarch Tikhon exerted a powerful influence over this change of relations between the people and the Church. At the very beginning of the Bolshevist reign he took a step which, though unnoticed by many, proved his deep understanding of what was needed to restore the Church to her legitimate place in the people's hearts. He at once sided with the newly established Parish Soviets — in spite of the opposition of a part of the clergy who, for selfish reasons, preferred the quiet and undisturbed existence they enjoyed when the Church was under departmental management and no parishioner could interfere with the priest's control.

Patriarch Tikhon naturally saw in the Parish Soviets a way to a closer and better relationship between the Church and the people. He condemned the opposition of the higher clergy of Petrograd and cited North America, where he had witnessed many good results from the active coöperation of church members in parish management.

We could assume in advance that a revival of active parish-life in Russia would be opposed by the Bolshevist 'friends of the people,' just as they oppose any other evidence of popular initiative. Responsibility for 'counter-revolutionary' parishes, of course, fell upon Patriarch Tikhon, who would yield no ground, but steadfastly defended the rights of the parishes and their privileges according to the status granted them.

Consequently the first count of the Bolshevist indictment against the Patriarch is his effort to create a free, independent, and democratic Church, a Church of the people. This movement the Bolsheviki characterize as 'a survival of the old world,' as another manifestation of 'counter-revolution.'

The second charge is the Patriarch's refusal to authorize the surrender of our church treasures. We should make it

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clear at the outset that he only refused to surrender a few sacred chalices, altar-crosses, Gospel-covers, and the tiny shrines in which the sacred bread is kept. All other valuables belonging to the Church could be confiscated freely.

Considering the fact, now known to all the civilized world, that robbery and theft are rampant among the Bolshevist requisitioners, we can easily understand why church members themselves, quite independently of Patriarch Tikhon, began to hide these treasures from the authorities. The promises that the Soviet authorities have to make to every relief organization in Russia are significant: the organization always reserves the right to buy food, to pack it, to carry it to its destination, and to distribute it — independently of the authorities; otherwise no one believes in the honesty of the undertaking. Americans do not trust the officials: they manage their relief work themselves. Europe does not trust them: she does not grant them credits. Russians themselves do not believe in them: they never contribute to any relief drive if they think that the work is being done by the Soviets themselves. This universal distrust deprives the authorities of a vital atmosphere, so to speak. The Government lives in a vacuum, so far as popular confidence is concerned.

Bolshevism will vanish eventually, but its effects will long survive it. The Orthodox Church will also bear scars, and may not recover for many years. But it will recover, as it has in the past after the other long periods of national misfortune that Russian history records. Renegades have been found in the very bosom of the Church, and more may appear, as the burden of life in Russia becomes unbearable for the weak. The Bolsheviki have found a way to indict Tikhon *in the name of the clergy*, and Tikhon will be tried by a Church Council. This Council will also be expected to elect a new Patriarch if it condemns Tikhon.

Will there be a split in the Russian Church, with two Patriarchs?

Patriarch Tikhon himself chose to be tried by a Council. Such a decision is regretted by many, who interpret this act of his as submission to the Soviet authorities. It is clear to all that the Council elections will be rigged like other Bolshevist elections, so as to get the desired results. We assume that the Patriarch foresaw this and had weighty reasons for making the decision he did. At the time of his indictment he faced not only the Bolshevist Government but also opposition from part of the Church itself; the issue was not only Bolshevist persecution, but a possible scission in the Church.

In the Orthodox Church there is only one legal way to settle schisms — that is by a Church Council. The Patriarch chose to be tried by the highest authority in the Orthodox Church. The people will know whether this is a genuine, freely elected Council or a body of Bolshevist making; whether or not its voice is the voice of the free, independent Church. If this voice be not a true one, let them depose the Patriarch and elect a new one: the people's religious conscience will not be misled and they will not side with the Council. The spiritual unity of the Church will be preserved in the people in spite of everything, and the traitors will stand as solitary and isolated as their Government. The Patriarch's readiness to appear before the Council will have the inevitable result of laying bare the inside intrigues that have hampered the spiritual development of the Church; the people's conscience will thus be made the ultimate judge at the trial. Moreover, the danger of a formal schism is eliminated by the Patriarch's prior consent to consider himself deposed if this be the Council's will.

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SPAIN'S LAST BULLFIGHT

BY RICARDO BAROJA

[This ironical but gruesome tale is intended to be a contribution to the campaign against bullfighting in Spain. The technical terms are explained in the description of an Andalusian bullfight, published in the Living Age *of January 21, 1922.]*

From *La Pluma, July*
(MADRID LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE lessees of the bull ring at Madrid promised to open the season with a *corrida* unexcelled in the history of this noble sport. Six matadors of supreme renown were each to kill a bull, after it had been properly worried and wounded by their assistants. Six bulls from the most famous breeding farms of Spain were finally chosen for this glorious rôle by distinguished experts, after most minute and conscientious inspections and interminable discussions in the newspapers. Six animals without defects! They possessed power, weight, fineness of line, fieriness of spirit, and sharp intimidating horns. When their photographs were published in the newspapers, the people went wild with pride and admiration. Never before had our famous Spanish breeders put into the ring such perfect animals. No breeders of Great Britain, famous for its fine racing stock and its wonderful cattle, sheep, and swine, had ever shown such skill in their art as was revealed by those six horned champions, marvelously designed as they were for their inspiring mission in this world. Spanish bosoms fairly burst with pride! Two hundred years of skillful breeding reached a climax here!

The poster announcing the great festival was designed by the greatest poster-designer of Madrid, a master of the Cubist school. He covered two square yards of paper with diamonds and rectangles of different colors, so striking that a man who looked at them was in danger of ophthalmia. This poster was hung in every railway station and hotel lobby, on every kiosk and hoarding, of Spain and Southern France. Since it was a highly artistic and decorative masterpiece, and the artist would not consent to have it deformed with lettering, it was necessary to print a supplementary advertisement giving the names of the bullfighters, the prices of the seats, and other details of the spectacle.

This programme, pasted below the Cubist masterpiece and published in the press, raised the enthusiasm of adorers of the glorious and noble sport to concert pitch. Of the 13,013 seats in the vast bull-ring of Madrid, no more than one half would be placed on sale. For these, fabulous prices were asked A miserable and inconvenient seat on the bleachers was priced at 100 pesetas, including the tax, and the front seats immediately behind the barrier at 500 pesetas. The 6,506 seats left over were to be allotted gratis to those devotees of the sport who gave adequate proof of being worthy of this high distinction

This announcement specified the conditions necessary for free admission. They were listed methodically and proved that the person who drafted them was an expert thoroughly familiar with the science of the ring. I

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the first place all matadors, breeders of fighting bulls, managers of bull rings, suppliers of horses, and sporting editors of newspapers were to enjoy this privilege. It was also conceded to persons who had subscribed for season seats for six successive seasons at bullfights in Madrid or in the Provinces. Next came the satellites of the great stars of the ring, those friends and admirers who invariably bring costly presents to shower upon a successful matador. *Banderilleros*, *peones*, *cacheteros*, and *picadores* were entitled to barrier seats of their own right, while the *monosabios*, or ordinary ring-attendants, were allotted places farther back. Distinguished collectors of bull-ring tickets and posters, men who preserved the mounted heads of famous bulls and adorned their apartments with trophies of banderillas and other weapons of the ring, were given a position on the central seats and above the gate by which the animals entered.

The programme concluded with a note that aroused universal curiosity and astonishment. Its cause was incomprehensible, and it seemed likely to deprive the occasion of part of its charm. Women were strictly forbidden admission.

Many a chambermaid, butcher's wife, and follower of less honorable trades protested violently against this discrimination. Patro la Rubia in the bar of La Florida threw a serviette across her shoulder, stuck her arms akimbo, and demonstrated to the patrons of the place that she was a better *torera* than any of them. Amaranto y Perla, the celebrated sporting editor, also protested against this unjust decision. Don Arsenio López de Agudín, who signs his articles 'Devaneos,' thundered against the organizers of the festival. But oral and journalistic protests, and even the intervention of men higher up, were all in vain. The mysterious parties behind the enterprise published an official paragraph reaffirming this decision. Only when Filomena Sanchez, familiarly known as 'La Chanuca' among her numerous male admirers, announced publicly that she and a gentleman friend would spend 500 pesetas, 1000 or 2000 pesetas, to get in, and that she would present herself at the corrida in men's clothing, did the directors print another short paragraph, stating that the managers of the affair were not going to convert themselves into detectives for the purpose of ascertaining the sex of the people attending, and that if ladies wished to come in men's clothing, they might do so; but the managers would take no responsibility for what might happen.

Another paragraph of the programme that aroused tremendous curiosity read as follows: —

> After the third bull has been killed, an act will be introduced that has never yet been presented in any ring. This spectacle is guaranteed to be a thriller, comparable only with some of the mighty incidents that occurred on the field of battle during the great European War, and on a smaller scale during certain summer days of 1921 on the Spanish Morocco front. This act will certainly produce a profound impression upon the spectators who deign to honor the bull ring of Madrid with their presence on this great occasion, and it will produce an immense, a transcendental, a radical transformation of the life of the Spanish people.

For three months men discussed, debated, conjectured, and fairly wore themselves out puzzling over this mysterious paragraph. Some imagined that it was planned to give a gladiatorial combat, employing for that purpose certain soldiers who had acquired an intense dislike for useful labor and an unquenchable thirst for shedding human blood during the late glorious war in Europe. It was conjectured that these might be men who had sought to en-

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roll themselves in the Spanish Legion, for the purpose of killing Moors, to gratify their homicidal impulses, but who for some reason had been rejected by the examining officers.

However, that theory won few adherents. A more numerous party claimed to have evidence that an airplane with red wings had been seen on the premises, and that a Cádiz aviator would first use it to throw darts into a bull, and later would attract the attention of the animal with a *muleta* during great downward sweeps, delivering the fatal sword-thrust from the plane itself.

A great Chicago daily sent to Spain a certain H. I. J. K. Smith, S. P. Q. R., from Kalamazoo, Michigan, United States of America, as its special correspondent for the event. He was provided with a fat check-book and unlimited credit to bribe the secretary of the enterprise, and was expected to cable the sensational scoop to his paper. But Yankee dollars produced no more effect than the blandishments of Paqui la Retrechera, who presented herself bag and baggage at the office to satisfy her curiosity, without success.

Applicants for free tickets came from all over Spain, Mexico, and Southern France. They were armed with great files of documents proving that the petitioners were devoted frequenters and admirers of the noble sport. A syndicate of speculators tried to purchase outright all the seats placed on sale, but the factotum of a noble and influential Spanish politician, who scented a chance to make a fortune, got ahead of them and cornered the entire market.

Fifteen days before the date fixed for the great event, a seat that originally cost 150 pesetas was selling for 400, and was difficult to get at that price. A week later tickets were at a premium of 399 to 400 per cent, and a curb market for dealing in them occupied the whole of Alcala Street from Puerta del Sol to Calle de Peligros. This exchange had all the usual features of such an enterprise, with its bulls and its bears, its rises and its falls, its panics and its booms. Many a man lost a fortune and many a man made a fortune there. A quotation service established in the Plaza de la Cebada was a centre of universal interest, and its prices were immediately telegraphed to Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Nîmes, and Bayonne.

L'Écho de Paris published rabid articles, trying to prove that the great bullfight at Madrid was not as important a sporting event as the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in America, and attributing the tremendous enthusiasm it had aroused to German intrigues. *Le Temps* was more restrained, and confined itself to lamenting that Southern France would send some four million francs to Spain to pay for bull-ring tickets. On the other hand, D'Annunzio sent to *El Astro* a highly poetical dispatch, advocating that the Spanish lion should mate with the Roman wolf to give birth to the Latin phœnix. From a zoölogical standpoint the production of such a bird by crossing two quadrupeds presents difficulties; but it is a mere trifle for a poet.

On the evening before the fight, it was even hard to catch one's breath in Madrid, so packed was every street, alley, square, and parking space in the Spanish capital. Four lines of carriages and automobiles defiled in a steady procession from Puerta del Sol to the Bull Ring. Thanks to the energetic and competent measures taken by the Chief of Police, the chaos and the confusion, which were enormous in any case, were multiplied to inconceivable dimensions. Several old gentlemen and ladies and a couple of dozen children were run over by motor cars, thereby

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proving even to the densest minds that the fault for such accidents invariably rests upon the persons injured.

A vast army of eager hucksters, selling every conceivable useless article, took up its position in the immediate vicinity of the ring. Booths were erected for the sale of soft drinks, wines, and liquors; platforms were hastily built where people could dance to the accompaniment of droning guitars and rattling castanets; and roulette games and similar devices did an enormous business. The air was heavy with odors of frying olive oil and fish, brandy, human perspiration, horses, and motor-car exhausts.

When darkness fell, the gentlemen in the automobiles turned on their glaring headlights, and blinded the multitude with their dazzling rays; but the offenders sped along with mufflers open and did not hear, or care to hear, the rude remarks and disparaging allusions to their mothers that the angry canaille heaped upon them. They continued to speed up and down the avenues imperturbably, their hats jammed down over their eyebrows, and their gaze fixed upon a point directly in front of their radiators.

Around every street lamp was a halo of illuminated dust, through which one could catch glimpses of gesticulating human figures perched in neighboring shade-trees. All night long the crowd clung to its position, until at length morning dawned and the sun rose above the far horizon like a shield of copper.

During the morning the speculative craze on the ticket exchanges reached a veritable paroxysm. 'A thousand! A thousand five hundred! Two thousand pesetas!' shouted a fat gentleman who looked like a fashionable gambler. He stood in the midst of a group of sellers, who were also fat and had the visages of prison-birds.

'Two thousand five hundred!' someone shouted.

'Done,' answered the fat gambler-like gentleman; and pulling out his pocketbook, he exchanged three bank-notes for a little piece of blue paper, on which was printed a badly drawn picture of a banderillero just rising on tiptoe to thrust in his two darts for what is called, in the language of the bull ring, 'the final.'

The seller handed over his ticket, grabbed the bank notes, and vanished. The ticket was forged. The sharper ran down Calle de Peligros, then up Gran Via, and turned down Calle de Horteleza. He entered a lottery agency to buy a package of cigarettes and a ticket in the Christmas drawing, shoving a bill for 500 pesetas across the counter. The agent put on his glasses, took the bill, examined it carefully, held it up to the light, and said with a Gallego accent: 'It looks false to me.'

The sharper was conscious of a simultaneous sinking in the pit of his stomach and rushing of blood to his head. Laying the other two bills on the counter, he stammered: 'And those, too. Are they bad?'

The agent picked up the bills, examined them, and answered placidly: 'Also look bad to me.' Then, stepping to the door, he called a policeman, who was yawning in the doorway of a drinking-shop across the way.

'Listen, Pedro, come here. This fellow is trying to do me.'

The policeman quickly stepped across, arrested the tricky sharper, and led him off to the police station. The lottery agent, who had not lost his composure for a moment, grumbled to himself: 'Scoundrel, forger, brazen cheat!'

'To the Ring! To the Ring! To the Ring!' Thus shouted the bus-conductors whose vehicles were lined up the full length of the Treasury Building. Tram-

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cars made a deafening clamor with their gongs, in an effort to clear a way through the crowd. The honking of automobiles, the grinding of brakes, and the roar of unmuffled engines mingled in a horrible cacophony with the machine-gun rattle of motor cycles, each of which carried five or six enthusiasts on its saddle and in its side-car. Ancient sea-going hacks and prehistoric diligences, withdrawn from regular service in the days of our grandfathers, lurched past, their horses galloping at full speed, their windows rattling, and their loose ironwork jangling over the rough pavement.

Now and then a luxurious automobile, shining like a jewel, would thread its way silently and rapidly through the throng of heavier vehicles ascending toward Puerta de Alcala. The people going to the ring would gaze enviously at the happy mortal who was taking one of the matadors to the scene of his coming achievements. The driver, however, disregarded these envious eyes, intent merely on the route he was pursuing. His companion, a dazzling gem of gold lace and bright silk beneath his riding-cloak, saluted his acquaintances with a gallant gesture, while the regular chauffeur lolled in the back seat, thus testifying to his confidence in his master's skill.

Those who had tickets in their possession, and were actually to see the show, were for the time being aristocrats among the immense concourse that packed the streets. The others were merely humble citizens, watching these great ones and children of fortune pass.

At length no one remained in the streets except these lookers-on, who drifted slowly toward the Prado to see the bulls brought out. The sidewalks in front of the cafés, which up to this time had been filled with customers, were suddenly deserted.

A bright-red automobile sped through the centre of the street toward the ring. It contained La Chanuca, the most beautiful of the many beautiful adventuresses in the city. She was clothed in the last word of gaudy elegance. She had promised herself the pleasure of a sensational entrance into the ring, and drove imperturbably through the long cue of people slowly working its way between the booths of the ticket-takers. People made way for her with open mouths, as she swept in and entered her box. She affected to be unaware of the sensation she made. Before taking her seat, she leaned forward for a moment, her hands upon the rail, and calmly surveyed the immense throng, while the crowd cheered and laughed at her defiance of the Management. At length, throwing her brilliantly embroidered mantle of red, green, and yellow brocade carelessly over the bench, she sank back into her seat.

The spectators formed an immense black circle reaching from the barrier to the remotest and loftiest seats of the great amphitheatre. There was not a vacant place. All one saw was row upon row of black coats and dark hats, for the exclusion of women robbed the scene of its usual display of brilliant coloring. It seemed for a moment as though an oppressive weight of silent melancholy had settled over the great circle, contrasting strongly with the vociferous tumult of the struggling mob without. Two or three of the men ventured to shout the usual humorous remarks, but they made no impression on the tense expectation of the 13,013 spectators.

Aldermen and members of Parliament appeared in the Presidential box. The President himself, in full evening-dress and a silk hat, was received with indifference. The eyes of all were riveted on the great doors to the right, be-

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hind which the bullfighters and their assistants were making their final preparations. Matadors belted on their parade cloaks, picadors forced their unhappy horses — predestined to torture and sacrifice — to prance about, draft mules tossed their heads and shook their bright, beribboned trappings.

The Alguacil rode up to the Presidential box on a prancing Andalusian pony, and with the usual bombastic mummery begged that the performance might begin.

The President tossed him the key with such misdirected vigor that it hit the head of an enthusiastic fan in the front row of benches. Fortunately the key did not break, but found its way finally to the Alguacil, amid hisses and jeering remarks. Whereupon that pompous official cavorted off to the gate of the bull pen. Pulling up in full course, however, he turned about and took up his proper position at the gangway through which the bullfighters and their squadrons of attendants were to enter.

The President gave a signal, and these cuadrilleros entered in a column six files deep, irradiating the arena with all the glories of the sun. There was no blaring music to keep the marchers in step. Rumor said that the managers had been obliged at the last moment to assign the seats that the band usually occupied to a number of important and influential men — wealthy people who were never in the habit of paying for anything, city officials, cabinet officers, members of Parliament, and life Senators.

The audience forgot its disappointment, however, watching the advancing fighters. Among these were all the idols of the ring. In the place of honor marched Pedro Tomillo, alias El Tomillares, dressed in crimson and gold, his cloak belted tightly around his sinewy form. At his side marched Teodoro Calderón, tall, powerful, with the air and visage of a Roman Emperor, clothed in red and silver. José Maria Rodríguez de Triana, clothed in Tyrian purple and gold, — a man rather past his prime, — advanced with indolent dignity. His huge muscles, scarred by many former combats, do not become flexible until the fight is well advanced. The Cordovan, Rafael Almodóvar, an active, lithe figure, with an Egyptian cast of countenance, came next. He too was richly garbed. His mistress Soleá had died the previous week. According to some, she wasted away with love; according to others, she perished of a dagger thrust, which this same Rafael gave her upon discovering her in amorous conversation with Perico de Gloria, alias El Formal, alias Fat Chestnut, a picador of his cuadrilla. The fifth 'swordsman' was Florencio, sometimes called El Argüelles, because he was the son of a porter from the barrio of Argüelles in Madrid. The sixth matador was Vincente Macip, of Valencia, who stood out among his companions because of his remarkable resemblance to a well-nourished priest. His garb of gray and gold was rather tight around the waist, suggesting a predilection for convivial pleasures.

Behind these followed the most celebrated banderilleros of Spain: El Tostao, El Caracolito, El Ardura, Montanchez, El Pili, El Chilla, Ordóñez el de Peñaflor, El Saliva, Vinagre, and Rodriguillo de Carmona — the flower of their profession, skillful in thrusting their darts precisely in their alloted places in the raging animal. Next followed the picadors, firmly seated in their cowboy saddles, upon sorry nags that seemed to drag themselves forward with an effort. Behind these marched the various ring-attendants, in blue trousers and red shirts and caps, looking like a band of pirates. The draft mules wound up the proces-

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sion. They were restless, impatient, stamping beasts, and the hostlers at their heads had difficulty keeping them in line.

The sixty members of the company took position in the centre of the ring, advanced in column to the Presidential balcony, and saluted the presiding officer as ancient gladiators were wont to salute Cæsar. The President, who was in real life a Cæsar of the distinguished guild of coal and wood dealers, replied to this salutation with all the snap and vim that could be expected of an old Asturian, who had spent his youth packing bags of coal and coke upon his back.

Thereupon the toreros threw their cloaks into the audience, where they were seized by the men in the first row, and spread out upon the railing of the barrier.

La Chanuca had the honor of spreading the cloak of Rafael Almodóvar beside her own bright brocade mantle, on the benches of her box. More than one of the spectators was consumed with curiosity to know just what that signified, and dispatched a secret prayer to Heaven, which he hoped a bull's horns might speedily cause that matador himself to follow.

The bullfighters who took no part in the first combat sprang over the barrier, rolled cigarettes, and conversed with their friends among the spectators.

'What's up, Joaquinillo? What have you up your sleeve?'

'Honestly, I don't know. I'll be hanged if they told us anything.'

'Bah, you're a great bullfighter! Can't a person know, if there is any way of knowing, what it is to be?'

'What about that airplane?'

'No, that's not what is in the air. They must have something back there in the bull pen.'

'Oh, probably just some trick.'

'Is it true that the Charlot, the real one, is honestly going to kill a bull?'

'All I know is that Mr. Fulgencio and I saw him going down Seville Street with Paco, the shoemaker.'

'So we are not going to learn anything.'

A trumpet sounded and the bull pen opened. A beautiful animal, sleek and finely lined, emerged and slowly paced down the great crescent of shade that covered half of the arena. He was black, and the red device on his flank was set off by his velvet skin. The fans shouted with joy.

'There's a black boy for you!' cried Juanillón, the carpenter. 'That's class for you, even if the rest is a fake.'

'As good as if we picked him out ourselves,' assented Señor Manuel.

'Pretty enough for a glass case.'

'Magnificent! Remarkable!' declared Monsieur Grandidon, a dealer in rubber toilet-goods, from his high seat.

'Bully boy!' shouted Monsieur de Petit Gris, who had left his haberdashery shop at Marseille in charge of Madame Petit Gris in order to be present at the great bullfight in Madrid.

The bull spied the picadors, stopped a moment, hesitated, and pawed the sand. A shiver shot over his hide. Then he darted like a flash of angry lightning against a horseman, who awaited him, leaning forward, his feet firmly planted in the stirrups, and his lance under his arm.

In a moment the little ball that dangled from the base of the lance-head was taut against the black hide of the bull. But at the same moment that the lance struck him, the furious beast drove his horns into the chest of the horse, throwing him and his rider heavily backward against the barrier. Seeing both prostrate, the bull, disdaining his fallen enemy and frantic with wrath and pain, turned against the second picador, and catching his horse just behind the foreleg, overturned and disemboweled him. The stricken ani-

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mal lifted his head in torture, noble as a martyr, but a terrible thrust of the bull's horns in his neck stretched him lifeless on the sand.

While the spectators were wild with enthusiasm, and filled the great amphitheatre with the din of their applause, Pedro Tomillo flirted his cape before the eyes of the bull, and advancing deliberately, his arms held on high, gradually distracted the brute's attention from the fallen picador and the monosabios who were helping him to rise. The contrast between the repose and self-mastery of the man and the blind fury of the bull evoked another paroxysm of enthusiastic and clamorous approval from the spectators.

'There's grit for you,' shouted El Pequeño of Arahal.

'No great thing.'

'You'd do it better,' with a sneer.

'Just a trick.'

'But he does it well.'

'I don't approve it.'

'Back to the pen with him!'

'Oh, you're small potatoes at home. You don't fool anybody by your chesty knocking.'

The spectators were becoming more and more excited. The fight promised to be a thriller.

The bull received eight lances and killed five horses. El Tostao and a picador from Penaflor set their darts in him accurately and without mishap. Then El Tomillares, after making a little speech in a cavernous voice, threw his cap to one side and advanced toward the bull, displaying all the niceties of his art, dexterously playing his animal with the highest skill. At length he dispatched him with a mighty thrust.

'A little off on his thrust,' remarked El Manolo, more familiarly known as El Malhuele, on account of his malodorous reputation.

'A little off! You mean to say a botch,' interjected Don Ruperto, an ardent rooter for El Tomillares's rival, Almodóvar, looking askance at the first speaker.

'Right you are,' broke in another.

'Nothing of the kind; nothing of the kind. Anyone but a blind man would see that he touched the point exactly.'

'You may understand lending money on clothes at 75 per cent, but when it comes to talk of bulls you're nowhere.'

While the spectators were thus arguing among themselves, El Tomillares cut off the animal's ear, and paraded twice around the ring, picking up a harvest of domestic cigars that would certainly have been fatal had he tried to smoke them. The news of his success was telegraphed immediately to the press. The matador ordered his servant to send special messages as usual to his friends, worded in this manner: 'I was the best. The others fair. The cattle fair.' To be sure, the other matadors had not yet had their turn when this telegram was written, but that did not matter.

The second bull was not as interesting as the first. To tell the truth, he only satisfied those good-hearted enthusiasts who are not satisfied with a fight in which a bull's horns are not fleshed in human blood. This bull dismounted a picador and gored a banderillero in the calf, tearing his silk stocking and the muscle beneath from the vicinity of the knee down to the ankle. It took twenty-one stitches to close the wound. Teodoro of Alcalá de Guadaira dispatched the bull with two ineffective sword-thrusts, followed by an awkward *descabello*. It was a clumsy proceeding that added nothing to the laurels of this celebrated matador. Notwithstanding this, he directed his servant to telegraph his friends as follows: 'I the best. The others mediocre. Cattle ditto.'

Meanwhile the public was becoming impatient. In the bleachers people

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came to blows on three or four occasions. M. Grandidon called M. Petit Gris, *Cocu*, because he had the presumption to say that Tomillares had changed his original trade of bootblack for that of torero, in order to make a position for himself in society; while everybody knew that Pedro Tomillo became a matador because a famous singer, Camisona, with whom he was at the time infatuated, insisted that he do so.

'Moonshine; castles in Spain,' the gentleman addressed replied disdainfully.

The third fight passed almost without notice. When the draft mules dragged out three disemboweled horses and the slaughtered bull, the great throng suddenly became silent and motionless, waiting tensely for the great mysterious spectacle that had been announced to follow. The voices of the great throng outside the ring reached the ears of those inside like the half-muffled roar of distant surf. The toreros withdrew behind the barrier. The attendants cleared the ring. Its vast circle remained deserted. Thirteen thousand and thirteen spectators breathlessly waited while the great portal again swung slowly open.

Eight black horses with black harness and blankets first appeared, drawing a vehicle covered with heavy canvas. At its side marched six men, like mourners. They were strange-visaged men, garbed in long cloaks and wearing tall silk hats. The two leaders held the bridles of the first pair of horses with their gloved hands. Their pale countenances, thin beards, and slanting eyes protected by large spectacles, gave them the appearance of Asiatics. They looked like twin brothers. The second pair appeared to be Jews, judging by their features and their sallow complexions. Two tall corpulent bearded men, with their hats pulled down to their ears, concluded the procession. This strange company halted with military precision in the very centre of the ring.

One of the gentlemen crawled under the canvas that covered the vehicle, and the platform of the latter descended some fifteen inches, remaining solidly fixed upon the ground. Thereupon only the frame and the four wheels remained. Obedient to a shrill whistle, the eight horses drew these away at a lively trot and disappeared down the entrance passage.

The six mourners laid aside their hats, disappeared on hands and knees under the canvas, and began to adjust something. The public commenced to show signs of disappointment. Whistling, hissing, and sarcastic remarks were directed at the concealed exhibitors.

Finally the canvas was quickly drawn aside, revealing a circular steel platform, carrying six machine guns of ten barrels each. The six men in mourning were crouched behind them, glancing along the sights and grasping the levers. A sharp command rang out, and each gun began to volley with all its ten barrels against the spectators. In an instant there was an awful tumult. The machine guns were aimed first toward the entrances, which soon were heaped with corpses. Then they turned slowly but implacably toward the interspaces between the aisles. In the fearful panic that ensued, many men, beside themselves with terror and unable to escape through the regular exits, hurled themselves to certain death over the outer walls. A monosabio seized his dagger and rushed furiously toward the infernal machines that vomited fire upon the multitude. One gunner instantly directed his weapon against him, and the brave fellow was blown back in fragments into the panic-stricken throng by a hail of steel.

Deliberately and pitilessly the fire of

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each of the six guns swept through its respective sector, until the fatal circle was completed. Here and there a panic-stricken group survived a moment, only to collapse under its withering blight. Beautiful Chanuca lay stilled in carmine sleep upon the embroidered cloak of her torero admirer; but this time it was not the sleep of love — it was the sleep of death. From the boxes and benches above, trickling rivulets flowed down and saturated the disorderly heap of jackets, cloaks, and hats piled near the ringside. The cuadrillas of the bullfighters lay, a distorted mound of bright-garbed corpses, in the runway just behind the barrier, their darts and lances, and all the gay paraphernalia of their trade, strewn in confusion around them.

Long before the six guns stopped firing, their ammunition exhausted, no other sound or motion was perceptible in the vast amphitheatre; and when their sharp staccato suddenly ceased, one caught for a moment an impression of the silence of cosmic space. The bright sunlight played indifferently over the frightful scene of carnage; and a mist of blood seemed to rise until it almost touched the national banner of Spain, billowing proudly over the home of our glorious national sport.

The six men clad in mourning exchanged a few words in Russian, after which each drew a pistol from his pocket and joined his victims.

This was the event that finally ended bullfighting in Spain.

THE MAN WHO STOLE FROM HIMSELF

BY N. TEFFI

From *La Nouvelle Revue, August* 15
(Literary and Political Semimonthly)

A young literary man, Arkady Kastalsky, had written a story that was very interesting indeed — at least that was his own opinion of it. When the story was published, Kastalsky went to a café where journalists and literary men used to assemble, and after he had drunk enough beer to use up all the money the story brought him, he felt swelling within him such violent pride that, cost what it might, he had to pour out his emotions to a kindred soul. Fortunately he noticed the painter Biakine at the table next him, placidly consuming a dish of calves' feet. Biakine's tranquil posture and peaceful occupation inclined Kastalsky to frankness.

'Good morning, Biakine! Say, Biakine, have you read a certain very interesting story?'

'Which one?'

'Why, one I've just published. Something amazing, I assure you! Everybody says so. The subject is like one of H. G. Wells's. The style's like Flaubert's. The action is condensed — oh, a De Maupassant sort of thing. The dialogue and the humor make you think of Chekhov. Not a bit tiresome — very remarkable. Do you mean to say you have n't read it?'

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'Er — no, I must admit. You see, I have n't had the time.'

'Oh, la, la! Is it possible? But everybody 's talking of it just now, and yet you — you, a lover of literature, a man of taste! How can it be? Why have n't you read it? Nobody 's talking of anything else.'

The painter felt somewhat bored.

'Yes, yes. I 've heard a good deal of talk about your work — a great deal. But you know how it is. Everybody 's after it, and you never can get a copy for half an hour in the reading-rooms.'

'Is that so? And people talk about it a good deal?' Kastalsky was excited already. 'It 's amazing! And who has been talking to you about it?'

'What? Oh, everybody — all the people. I beg your pardon, but I 've forgotten the name of your story. I had it right here' — the painter indicated the base of his nose — 'but somehow I can't recall it.'

'*The Burnt Stocking.*'

'Oh yes, *The Burnt Stocking* — of course. How *could* I forget such an original title?'

'*The Burnt Stocking*,' repeated Kastalsky, reproachfully.

'That 's it. That 's it exactly,' cried the painter in confusion, and hastened to bid farewell to the haughty author.

As he was going out of the restaurant, Biakine met the translator Chmelson, wearing his usual dismal expression. Chmelson might say anything at all, but his face always had the same expression. 'Pay is bad — very bad,' it seemed to be saying.

'Good morning, Chmelson. Have you seen Kastalsky?'

'Yes, I 've seen him. What about him?'

'He 's getting too proud. Success has gone to his head. He can't talk of anything but his new story. Have n't you heard him talking about it? Have you read it — *The Burnt Stocking?*'

'How? What? *The Burnt Stocking?* Yes, of course. Who has n't read it?'

The next morning the melancholy translator, with many a sigh and frequent recourse to the dictionary, turned *The Burnt Stocking* into German. The work went slowly because the melancholy translator knew as little of the Russian language as he knew of the German, and he often translated Russian words into German without understanding them at all. He would have been very much surprised if anyone had explained to him what he was actually writing.

Since he did n't like the title, he called the story, *A Little Fire*, and signed it 'Arthur Sohn' — a name Chmelson had adopted for all the stories that he stole. He sent the manuscript to a little German newspaper, and a month later he paid the rent of his room with the money that he got.

Olga Pavlovna wrote for *Les Modes Nouvelles*. Her editorial duties consisted in translating, from any language whatever, short stories for the Sunday edition; and while she was running over the papers, Olga Pavlovna found *A Little Fire*.

'Russian life — always interesting. Our readers will like this.'

She translated it as well as she knew how. The humorous side of the narrative gained considerably, but the whole story suffered a change in the process. Olga had intended to sign the story 'Arthur Sohn,' but she thought it her duty to translate the name honestly into Russian, and she signed it 'Arteme Sinh.' As for the title — she changed that to *A Tempest in a Teapot.*

A copy of *Les Modes Nouvelles*, with the story of Arteme Sinh, fell into the hands of Chmelson. The story seemed to him to be amusing and, sighing deeply, he set to translating it into German. Once again what the transla-

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tor meant to write and what he actually did write became two quite different things. As for the title, he very cleverly changed that, for it was too hard to translate into German. And so it came about that another story by Arthur Sohn appeared with a change in both the title and the subject matter; and this second German version also charmed Olga Pavlovna, who — quite unable to recognize it — proceeded with her accustomed art and zeal to translate it for *Les Modes Nouvelles* under the title, *Annette's Adventure.*

The melancholy translator Chmelson was on the lookout for work by Arteme Sinh and he published a translation of *Annette's Adventure,* under the title, *Down with Death,* in the same German newspaper as before. Thereupon Arteme Sinh published in *Les Modes Nouvelles* a brand-new translation, entitled *Away with the Dead;* and Arthur Sohn published in the German journal a funny little skit called *What 's That?*

The young writer, Arkady Kastalsky, was in a gloomy mood. He had been promised some money if he would send a story — even a very short one — and he had n't any subject. But chance was kind to him. While he was sitting in a barber's shop loafing over a German paper, without thinking what he was doing, he read a little story which he thought very amusing. He smiled. Then suddenly he was afraid, and finally glad. An idea had come to him.

'Well, what of it? Plenty of others do the same thing. I 'm no saint. The idea is amusing — it would be too bad to lose it. Who will read this stupid German rag except barbers and shoemakers?'

He put the magazine in his pocket. When he reached home he read the story over once again, and then — changing the names and the title ever so little — he went to work. Now, the new story that resulted was nothing else than *What 's That?* — the seventh version of Arkady Kastalsky's original tale, *The Burnt Stocking.* But Arkady Kastalsky felt such shame over his first literary theft that when he mailed the manuscript to the editor he blushed like the sunset before a storm. That evening he bought something to drink with the money he had received.

AN EPITAPH

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[Epitaphs]

WHY did you die? I died of everything,
Life was deep waters, robbing me of breath,
Sorrow, delight, love, music, Winter, Spring
Slew me in turn — and last of all came Death.

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PEASANT CRUELTY

BY MAKSIM GOR'KII

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, August* 6
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

I HAVE witnessed and have experienced many cruelties. But I have never been able to understand why they should exist. That is a question that has tormented me during my whole life. Why are men cruel? What instinct begets such deeds?

I once read a book with a morbid title: *Progress, or the Evolution of Cruelty*. The author endeavored to prove, by skillfully selected and interpreted examples, that the progress of mankind merely enables us to gratify our secret and inborn impulse to cause our fellow men physical and spiritual suffering. I read the book with a feeling of resentment. It did not convince me in the slightest, and its paradoxes left me unimpressed.

Now, however, after witnessing the horrible madness of the European War and the bloody orgies of the Revolution, these paradoxes constantly recur to my mind. But in Russia at least the forms of cruelty have made no progress; they remain what they have always been. The methods of torture, too horrible to describe, that are practised to-day are the same of which we have records in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It sometimes seems to me that cruelty is as marked a trait of the Russian racial character as humor is of the character of an Englishman. This is a specific kind of cruelty, and possibly measures in a way our power to endure and resist pain. The most characteristic aspect of Russian cruelty is its diabolical refinement, its æsthetic inventiveness. I do not think we can define this accurately by such terms as psychosis or sadism. Such words really explain nothing. Is it a result of alcoholism? I do not think the Russian people more poisoned by alcohol than other Europeans, though I should immediately add that the alcohol's effect upon the mentality of Russians is particularly pernicious, because the poorer classes are not as well fed as elsewhere.

I am convinced that the true reason for these outbreaks of refined cruelty is to be found in the peasants' fondness for the Lives of the Saints and Martyrs. These Lives are the favorite subject of those peasants who can read at all. I do not refer, of course, to exceptional acts of cruelty committed by men who are abnormal or suffering from an acute mental malady; I mean cruelty as a form of mass psychology, as an act of the community at large.

In one Siberian village the peasants invented the following entertainment they dug a row of pits in which they placed their Bolshevist prisoners, heads downward. Then they filled the pits so that the legs of the half-buried men protruded above the ground from the knee upward. Thereupon they would watch the movement of the victims' feet and ankles with the greatest interest, to see how long each individual survived. In the government of Tambov the people nailed captured Bolsheviki to trees by the left hand and the left foot only, so that spectators could entertain themselves watching the con-

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torted gestures that these 'half-crucified' made with their right hands and right feet.

These are only milder instances of torture. I shrink from giving further details.

Who are the more cruel, the Whites or the Reds? In truth, they are all alike, for all are Russians. But when we come to discuss individuals, we can give a more definite answer: those are the cruelest who are the most vigorous mentally and physically, and who possess the most power.

I do not know whether there is another place on earth where women are as cruelly and pitilessly treated as in a Russian village. Surely there is no country outside of Russia where we find so many barbarous proverbs: 'Beat her well, brother; if she still breathes she will lie again.' 'A man loves his wife twice: when he brings her home his bride and when he takes her to the graveyard.' 'For women and beasts there is no judge.' 'If you want your food to taste good, beat your wife.' There are hundreds of such sayings in every Russian village. They stand for the stored-up wisdom of centuries of village experience. Children hear these sayings daily. Young men grow up with them in their ears.

Children, too, are equally illtreated among the peasants. I recently went over the criminal statistics and records of the criminal court of Moscow Government for the decade ending with 1910. I was appalled at the number of cases where children were illtreated and tortured. In general, the Russians are fond of beating people. It is assumed without question that corporal punishment is necessary and wholesome. We have the proverb: 'A man who has been flogged is worth double a man who has not been flogged.'

I have often asked men who fought during the late civil war, if they did not revolt at killing their fellow citizens. Invariably they answered: 'No, there is nothing unpleasant about it. They have arms, we have arms; we are both in the same situation. Why should n't we kill each other? There are enough people left in the world.'

I once asked this question of a soldier who fought in the European War and later commanded a large body of Bolshevist troops. He made the following remarkable reply: —

> What is fighting at home, anyway? Fighting foreigners is entirely different — that shakes your soul. I tell you honestly, comrade, what difference does it make to kill a Russian? There are so many of them that you never notice if a few are missing, and things go on as usual. For instance, see those villages. They could vanish from the earth, as many as you want. What good are they? What use are they, anyway? To tell the truth, to the Devil with our whole system of farming, with all our occupations, with everything you see here. But over there, in Prussia, it was different: when we killed them, I was sorry. What fine villages, what fine cities, what organization! What magnificent order! We destroyed all that; and why? It was a crazy idea. I was mighty glad when I was wounded and could not take part in it any longer. Later I was in the Caucasus under Iudenich (before the Revolution). There we fought the Turks and other black devils, miserable creatures who grinned when we killed them — I don't know why. I pitied them, too: every man has his own fate, every man must live his own life; is n't it so? Every man his own life.

This fellow was in his way humane; he treated his men well; they liked him and respected him. He loved his military profession. I tried to get him to talk about Russia, about her importance in the world. He listened to me thoughtfully while smoking his cigarette. His eyes were sad and he said with a sigh: 'Yes, to be sure. When we have made ourselves a powerful State, we shall do something fine in the

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world. But now? Just now we are as weak as rats.'

I believe that the war produced many men of this type, and that the leaders of our countless hosts are just such people as this man.

When we are discussing Russian cruelty, we cannot pass over in silence Jewish pogroms. The fact that these pogroms were organized with the knowledge and consent of stupid representatives of the Government is no excuse. The blockheads and scoundrels who permitted the mob to beat and plunder the Jews did not order that they should be tortured, their women violated, their children killed; that the heads of their men should be perforated with nails. Those bloody excesses sprang from the instinct of the masses.

One may ask: Where, then, is the meditative, kindly Russian peasant, the tireless seeker after truth and justice, that our literature of the nineteenth century so convincingly portrayed? In my youth I sought enthusiastically for that type of Russian over the whole face of the earth. But I never found an actual peasant who was not a rough realist, a sly, shrewd fellow who would condescend to play the idiot whenever he thought he could get something by it. Nature has not made the peasant a fool by any means, and he is well aware of it. He has composed many sad songs, many wild and bloody legends, and thousands of proverbs to describe his hard, strenuous experience with the world. He says: 'Single peasants are not stupid, but in a crowd they are a flock of sheep'; and 'The world is as strong as a river and as stupid as a hog.' He says: 'Don't fear the Devil but fear your fellow man,' and 'Beat your own, fear the others.' He does not value the truth, saying, 'Truth feeds no one'; 'Lie only when people ask for it; but then it pays'; 'Righteous men and simpletons are both tricky beasts.'

He has an untold number of similar proverbs that he uses aptly on all occasions. He hears them from childhood and they are graven on his mind from his earliest years. He is conscious of the rough truth, the bitter experience, the hatred of his fellow men, that they contain. Certain persons, usually city people, continually disturb his peace, and he considers them superfluous on the earth — the earth that he loves with a mystic love and in which he believes with a mystic faith. It is an earth to which he clings with his life, his body, and his soul; which he regards as his natural inheritance, torn from him by robbers. The tendency in our literature, to personify the common people in an idealized peasant, was designed for a definite political effect.

To be sure, a change began to manifest itself toward the end of the nineteenth century. The villager, the peasant, was not portrayed as quite so compassionate and honest as before. Anton Chekhov, in his stories, 'The Peasants' and 'The Abyss,' painted a very different picture of the common people. Early in the twentieth century another group of stories, entitled *The Village*, appeared. They were written by Ivan Bunin, a master of Russian style. In these tales, especially in his 'Night Conversation,' a new attitude, an attitude almost critical toward the peasants, appeared. He painted them true to life. Bunin was accused of being an aristocrat because he did not go into raptures over the peasants, but described them with a tinge of hostility. But the reproach was unfounded. Bunin is first and foremost an artist and nothing but an artist.

Let me call attention also to a story entitled 'Youth,' written by a peasant, Ivan Bolnoy, and to the stories of a Moscow writer, Podyachev, and of a Siberian, Vsevolod Ivanov. Surely no one can charge these authors with

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aristocratic prejudice against the peasant: they are themselves peasants, and flesh and blood of the villages they describe. They know better than any others the life of the common people, their misfortunes, their meagre joys, their spiritual benightedness, their cruel instincts, and their barbarous impulses.

Let me close this short article with an incident that a member of a scientific expedition sent to the Ural Mountains, in 1921, told me. A peasant in a village where the mission was stopping made the following inquiry of my friend: 'You are educated men, so explain this to me. Last week a Bashkir killed my cow. Naturally I killed the Bashkir and then stole his cow. Tell me, can they punish me on account of that cow?' When I asked him if he was n't more afraid of being punished for murdering the Bashkir, he answered unconcernedly: 'Ah, men are cheap now.'

The word 'naturally' should be noted. Crime is such an everyday matter that it is looked upon as a custom. The horrors of the civil war, with its robbing and murdering, are all expressed in that word.

Just one more example of the way public opinion in the villages accommodates itself to new ideas. A teacher of a country school, himself the son of a peasant, writes to me: —

The famous scholar Darwin has proved scientifically the necessity of a relentless struggle for existence, and presents no argument against depriving the weaker and less useful human beings of their life — just as in ancient times people let old men starve in caves, or hanged them on trees in order to get rid of them. I take the liberty to suggest that useless people be put out of the way in some more humane manner. I am opposed to all kinds of cruelty. I suggest that they be removed by means of some good-tasting poison. Such a method would mitigate the struggle for existence. It ought to be applied in case of the feeble-minded, idiots, and all others whom nature has handicapped — cripples, blind men, and those suffering from incurable diseases. Such a law would naturally be opposed by our young intellectuals, but the time has surely come when we cannot afford to pay further regard to such 'ideal' reactionary and counter-revolutionary opinions. It costs the people too dearly to support the useless. We must reduce this waste to zero.

In these days we receive many such letters, queries, and projects. They produce a painful, an appalling, impression. Yet, except for a certain morbidness and eccentricity, they merely express the feelings, the ideals of the Russian village. They represent the first tottering efforts of the village to think lucidly about the State and its objects.

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HOW PARENTS AND CHILDREN CAN IMPROVE THEMSELVES

THE VIEWS OF A CHILD OF FOURTEEN

BY CATHARINE W. ALEXANDER

[*Probably a good many children have felt the need of a textbook for parents, written by some thoroughly competent child; but so far only one has been produced. It was written in* 1919 *by Miss Catharine W. Alexander, then fourteen years old. Unhappily, after chapter two was completed, the young author's interest was diverted to the drawing of pictures, and her useful series of suggestions to her elders came to an end. The editor of the* Manchester Guardian *guarantees their authenticity in a prefatory note, in which he says, 'Except that they have been shortened a little, nothing in them has been altered.'*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, August* 16, 17
(Radical Liberal Daily)

HELPS TO PARENTS

People who are most likely to know how to bring up children are girls of about thirteen to fifteen. They are just old enough to see reason and to understand why it is good to sometimes make children do what they do not wish to, and are yet young enough to know what it is to be a child and to know which things a child likes and understands and which things it does n't. A child has it's fancies, like grown people, and a great many of a child's fancies have reason behind them, and are not merely wishes that they wish for themselves, but ones which, if only a parent knew it, would prevent many a little quarrel and disagreement that will arise between children and their parents, just because the parent has perhaps expressed it-self wrongly and in a way that a child objects to and sees through. Those reasons are why I, a child aged fourteen, have decided to help parents with growing children to bring them up.

I. WRONG IDEAS OF PARENTS

I have had an easy life myself, with few disagreements and usual absolute peace, but, although to you it may seem strange, yet I can just understand the feelings of children who have had a hard life, full of quarrels, arguments, disagreements, vexations, and other feelings which join to make life detestable and unbearable. You, if you are a parent with young children who want bringing up in the right way, do you not consider it a duty to your children to bring them up in the right way? If you do, then read this pamphlet and follow the directions of a child that knows what parents do wrong.

When your children are very young why do you pamper them, spoil them, and cuddle them? You think perhaps that it does them no harm just for a time to be their mother's darling, but it does. It makes them tender and weak, unable to fight for themselves, or to do anything but cry when they are hurt, and to fly to their mother's lap when anyone is, perhaps rightly, cross to them or hurts them by accident. When they grow up they are still the pale, slight, spoilt children, almost as much a baby as ever, only grown older.

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Those sort of children never earn their own living, they stay at home and grouse by the fire, and are feeble all their life. You naturally don't like it; you grumble and say 'Why is my child so quiet, so useless, and so spoilt?' But it is all your own fault. When they are young you must let them play with other children of their own age, sometimes perhaps with older children. Do not pet or cuddle them, send them to school as soon as possible, where they will be punched and cuffed into shape and sent back to you a happy, strong, healthy, ordinary child. That is not enough, though. They now want picking to pieces, remaking and modeling, and training. To do this you must be patient and try to understand them. They will be very schoolish and restrained at first. But put yourself in their places, take their point of view a little, and you will soon gain their entire confidence.

Then you must decide what is good and bad in them, and wash out everything bad and increase their sense of cleanliness, unselfishness, gratefulness, goodness, and thoughtfulness, and try and make them keen on lessons. This, all of it, will be hard, but be patient and you will succeed. The next point is to decide what is the chief characteristic of your child, whether it is good at art, at science, at soldier or sailoring, at doctering or teaching, at nursing or writing, or anything else that it possesses. Try and decide, and then let it become keen on the profession it has chosen and really get to know all about it.

The child is then about 14 or 15 and is ready for a large, good boarding-school, where it will have any conceit bumped out of it and will have friends of its own age. It is not good to bring up your children with no school at all, but simply working at home all the time. They want a certain amount of schooling, for school life is usually healthy and happy, and is a place where life-friends are made and where everyone mixes with all sorts and descriptions of children of their own ages. Do not, too, live all your life in a tiny secluded country village. Your children (as well as yourself) become 'small' and gossipy and other people's affairs become of great interest to them, so that they love to gossip about their neighbors and know all the news of the village, just like the village people themselves do. This narrowness is extremely bad for your children. Send them away alone on visits to friends. Send them to London or to any place which will take their minds away from other people's petty affairs.

II. ON EATING AND READING

Do not make your children eat what they do not want to, it only makes them hate the things more than ever, and although you think it may, it never makes them like a thing when they don't like it. But if you leave them they will probably of their own accord taste the food and like it in the end.

When I am grown up I shall never give my children rice or tapioca pudding, I am personally certain that it makes them fat and lumpy. Don't, though, let them eat much jam or sweets, it is very bad for children, and a lot of queer illnesses like headaches, and other aches, and tiredness and flatness are caused by too much jam.

I think that 's all about food, but I should let your children have fairly large appetites, for it keeps them strong and healthy. I know that, as I 've got a large appetite and am supposed to be fairly strong.

I expect you would like to know what sort of literature to give your children. When they are first beginning to learn to read don't give them *So-Fat and Newmew*, it makes them sentimental at once. You ought to give them either lively, easy books, or else dry, dull ones

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which won't work on their brains. Up till about thirteen they ought to read books like *Masterman Ready*, *What Katy Did*, *Mopsa the Fairy*, *Norse Fairy Tales*, and children's adventure and school books. Over the age of thirteen they could begin reading a few exciting novels such as *The Red Cockade*, *Vice Versa*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *She*, and others. Over fourteen children ought to begin to read Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Gaskell, Frances Burney, and others of these famous authoress's books. They can gradually go on to Thackery, Hudson, Scott, Trollope, Stevenson, and to all the great writers. Children over twelve ought to very much enjoy John Buchan and the lighter books of Arnold Bennett, such as *Hugo*, *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, and *The City of Pleasure*, all of which are very thrilling and blood-curdling books, and some children ought not to read them at night.

When your children, if they are girls, grow up, and if they have any signs of art in them, you should send them to the Slade school of art, or, if they are a little rustic, your children should be sent to the Central school, which is a public school, and all classes go there.

From an early age your children should be taught to sew and to darn, also to be able to bath themselves, and do gardening a little and a little sweeping and cooking, and to do their own hair and shoes. A great thing that heaps of children lack is being able to cut their right-hand nails easily.

Do not put curl-paper on your girl's hair, it makes her look very common and conceited. See at once if your child has bad teeth and take precautions. Give her a wire at once if necessary so that her teeth will have time to right themselves. And if she has bad eyes do not delay in getting her spectacles, as her eyes will daily grow worse otherwise.

I should let your children read the newspaper from infancy, as it takes a long time for the modern generation to begin to take an interest in the welfare of their countrys. But don't encourage them to read the 'Personals' or the deaths and marriages and births, and especially all the divorces and bankruptcies, and the murders and 'News in Brief.' Encourage them to read the war news and the 'Court Circular' and the lectures and theatres and operas and 'City News.' These things will improve their minds gradually.

III. COUNSELING RESTRAINT IN PARENTS

Parents make great mistakes sometimes in the treatment of their children. When they are naughty or slightly vex their parent, the parent often gets furiously angry all in a minute, which naturally makes them very despicable, and their children despise them for their temper accordingly. What they should do is to be gentle and talk quietly and firmly to the rebellious child who will listen quietly in a way which it never would do otherwise. It will probably realize that it has grieved its parent, and will try and behave better in future. Never lose your temper and fly suddenly into a rage, your children only despise you for it and take no notice of you, and are probably badly influenced by you. Never use bodily strength against your children, but talk gently and reason with them and they will admire you where otherwise they would only scorn and defy you more. Show your children all your good qualities; it helps in the end, for they will thus learn from you and will admire and respect you.

If your children are artists and if you live in a large house try and give them each a room to work in, or at any rate space enough for tables and easles. If you live in a small house don't all cram into one hot, stuffy little room, let your

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children work in their bedrooms, get rid of useless furniture, and make room for their working materials. It is extremely bad for people to cram into one small room. The atmosphere becomes fowl and it breeds germs of every sort. The children become pasty and white and spotty and have bad complexions. The parents become consumptive and die off in the end.

Get up early in the morning and make your children go to bed at nine o'clock or earlier. Have tidy and neat habits, and encourage cleanliness among your children. You need n't make them have baths more than once a week, and you could wash their hair once in a fortnight. They need n't wash at night or do their teeth as long as they do so in the morning. They need n't plait their hair at nights either. This may seem strange to you, but only conventional old-fashioned people with nurses, &c. do all these things.

After you have followed all my instructions carefully your children will then be beautifully modeled and made grownups, and will be as perfect as you could possibly wish. They in their turn will bring up their children as they have been brought up, and so the generations will progress, each one being wiser and more educated than the last. That is, at least, if my advice is followed.

ADVICE TO CHILDREN ON HOW TO BEHAVE

If only children knew how to behave in daily life, many troubles and disagreements would be saved, both to the children themselves and to their parents. This pamphlet is meant for parents to read to their children when they are a suitable age, not in a lecturing, nasty way, which children hate so, but in a natural way, and after explaining to the children that a child like themselves has written it. It would probably impress the children if it was read in a different way from usual, if, say, both their parents read it together, but do not make too much fuss, else you will divert your children's minds from the subject. It is such a pity, I think, that all familys are not peaceful and friendly. It might so easily be put right if only the erring parents would take proper trouble to bring up their children, and get them instructive books such as this pamphlet.

I. THE COMPETENT CHILD

Why, my dear children, do you not try to improve on your conduct? I am sure it needs improving, almost all children's conducts are bad and need absolutely reforming, so why don't you do your part? I will tell you how to become a model child. There are many points to observe. You must first be unselfish, obedient, trustworthy, grateful, unquarrelsome, open, unnoisy, capable and independent, and polite. I may have missed some points. Of course, too, you must be able to amuse and interest yourself without worrying other people, you must also be tidy, and have a great sense of cleanliness and decency. Never allow your mother (if she is an incompetent one) to buy you vulgar or unelegant clothing. If she wants to do this, the best thing to do is to appeal to your father, and if he does n't take your point of view you will be forced to go to law, which only means you explain all to the nearest police-court.

But the sense of cleanliness is most important. Believe me, dear children, you should have at least one bath a week, and it is pleasanter to have two, if you do not have to pump all your own water. You ought to do your teeth and face once a day, perhaps twice if you are especially dirty. Your

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hair should be plaited before going to bed. A bad habit of children is to bite their nails. I have only just stopped myself. It does n't really make one any comfortabler to bit one's nails, and if you leave off now you will be very proud soon of your long white nails, which make your hands a pleasure for you to look at, instead of a pain, and it will also encourage you to wash your hands often. Never sleep or live in a dirty room, complain to the housemaid if you mother is incompetent.

You should try to make yourself useful in the house. Make your own bed every morning before breakfast, and take on yourself the dusting and tidiing of the living-room, and perhaps the clearing-away of meals. Offer to mend your father's socks and sew on his buttons. You must see that he is suitably clad and quite tidy, for to begin with, your mother will like him too much to notice these things. You ought to learn to darn at an early age.

You should, above all, be able to amuse yourself happily alone. If you have toys or dolls, play with them quietly by yourself, and do not try and make your busy mother play with them too, for it is very tiresome for grownups to have to amuse children. Besides, when a mother plays with her child's toys it brings back the memories of childhood to her, which is disagreeable. At about four you should begin drawing and amuse yourself with paper and pencils. You should also learn music at an early age, for it is great fun being able to strum on the piano. But do not do it too often, else you will disturb your father with his money matters.

Persuade your parents to send you to a boarding-school when you are nine years old, before which you ought to have a governess to teach you elementary work. Do not take geometry, algebra, or graphs at your boarding-school unless you are going to be a doctor or a teacher or a professor. At the age of sixteen persuade your parents to let you leave school. Then from sixteen till eighteen you can spend at home in working at whatever you are going to do when grown up. Of course if you are rich enough not to have to earn your own living you can please yourself, for I have nothing to do with those sort of people.

II. ON SWEARWORDS, SCHOOLS, AND VISITS

We must return once more to your infancy. Try to please your parents as much as possible. Never get ill except when quite necessary. Have a very good appitite and appreaciation for food. Try to do all you can for other people, you will no doubt find this extremely hard at times, but if they even known you're trying to do things for them it is better than nothing. Be as agreeable and friendly as you can, and be polite and kind to your parent's callers. Do not be shy, but also do not be forward, visitors never forget ill manners in young children. Don't be short or crusty ever, and speak nicely, and don't use any badder language than 'My hat!' or 'My aunt!' or 'Glory!' Never swear or rate your brothers and sisters for what they have not done. Be cool and courageous and always happy, busy, healthy, and cheerful.

Never wear shoes that are too small for you, they disfigure your feet. Always go to bed as soon as you conveniently can, for late bed-going is very bad for little children, and annoys their parents, who think they can never go to bed before their kiddies. Be clean and decent at meals, say 'please' and 'thank you' often, and never stretch unless your father is absent-minded Don't eat off your knife unless your parents do for a treat, and never eat more than you can.

When your father and mother are

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reading don't interrupt them except when quite necessary.

If you go to school be careful who you choose for a friend. Don't think too much of games at school, and don't except a second helping of curry. Be as sociable and friendly as you can, but do not gossip or give away family secrets. Make as many friends as possible, but be careful what you say to them. Don't talk of them much to your parents. If your mother or father make a joke always laugh if you possibly can, it pleases them and makes them in a good temper. Take plenty of exercise each day, go for a daily walk or else spend an hour in gardening. When you bathe never start swimming with waterwings, they get you into very bad habits.

An important thing, too, to tell children, is how to behave when staying away. When you travel in a train alone, dear child, don't talk to any men in the railway carriage, only occaisienally to very old ladies. If a kindly, benevolent old gentleman offers you a sweet, do not accept it, he might be an inventer trying an experiment to see if the sweet could blow you up or something equally dangerous. Don't lean out of windows in the train, someone might give you a shove.

When you arrive at the house you are going to stay at, go upstairs and change before seeing your hostess, it will make a finer impression. If your hostess offers you a cigarette, do not accept it, tell her your father thinks you should n't smoke before twelve years old. At meals away eat as fast as you decently can, for visitors always get left behind, which annoys their hostesses. Be careful when you have a bath that you do not choose the same moment as your host, inquire at what time it is convenient for you to bath, first. If you have a cold while staying away, retire to bed at once, for it is trying for your hostess to have to introduce a person who sniffs a great deal.

III. TACT

If you want to make your parents in a good temper buy them some sweets. If these do not succeed admire the fine stitches of your mother's needlework, or exclaim on how excellently your father manages his money accounts. If you want to make your parents in a bad temper, quarrel hard with your sister or brother, or else giggle very foolishly, which will annoy your mother. If you want to possess anything very specially, any books or toys, ask your father to give you them, but if you want to have your friends to tea, ask your mother very tactfully. I must say again, my dear child, that you will be an unusually perfect child if you follow my instructions. Of course you must not be *too* good or you will be a prig, which is a very distasteful thing to be. Don't forget to often wash your hands and have a good appetite and you will be the picture of cleanliness and health.

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OTHER PEOPLE AND THE ARTIST

BY HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

From the *Manchester Guardian, August* 10
(LIBERAL DAILY)

IT is the theory of Croce — with him Mr. A. B. Walkley — that the artist has no sense of the community, but creates beauty simply to please himself. There are two great witnesses to be called in support of this theory, and, having heard them, the case against the isolation of the artist and the case for his social significance is to be suggested. The witnesses are Montaigne and Bunyan. Montaigne's address to the reader may be abbreviated colloquially: 'I wrote these essays about myself to please myself. You be hanged! It is then no reason,' he concludes, in his own words, 'thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a subject. Therefore, farewell.' And so Bunyan, in his apology for the *Pilgrim's Progress:* —

> Nor did I undertake
> Thereby to please my neighbor; no, not I.
> I did it mine own self to gratify.

One can say, at least, that the self-gratification of Bunyan in Bedford gaol (where he meditated the *Pilgrim's Progress* and wrote its first part) had enormous social results; but he was n't, even in his apology, as truculent as Montaigne in his address. When he had 'thus put my ends together,' he showed them to others to be condemned or justified, and some said, 'Print,' and others said, 'Not so.'

> To prove, then, who advised for the best,
> Thus I thought fit to put it to the test.

In fact, one perceives in Bunyan the stirring of a common experience of the artist with a vision which he traps into his medium, then shows the upshot to his friends, and on their advice or against their advice submits it to the trial by ordeal of public opinion. Bunyan is a shaky witness for Croce; he does not undertake to please his neighbor, but he has a curiosity to know what his neighbor thinks; and the absurdity of supposing that an artist has no sense of the community resides in this — that artists do not bury their treasures, and unburied treasure is not a treasure unless it will stand daylight.

The technical processes of art are the means whereby the treasure is made visible; the vision, the dream, is the artist's private affair, and if he were satisfied by a private view of beauty he would not take the trouble to learn a technique so as to make his view visible to others. He does take tremendous trouble, and there is sometimes a pretense — art for art's sake — that he labors at technique as a voluntary gymnastic. It is conceivable that once in a hundred thousand artists this is not a pretense; but as a rule art for art's sake is the cant of the unsuccessful, and the normal artist's object in disciplining himself to technique is to arrive at the method of making his vision visible to the greatest possible number.

The arrogance consists in his supposing that his vision, however clearly rendered, is going to interest anybody 'The artist,' says Stevenson, 'steps forth out of the crowd and proposes to delight: an impudent design.' True but true no less of the cabinet minister who steps forth out of the crowd and

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proposes to govern; and as for the crowd, does it not need both to be governed and delighted? And it is not true of all sorts of artists that their first delighted audience is themselves. It is true of Bunyan, for he was a writer; it is true of painters and of sculptors. But the truth about that art in which the technical discipline is more severe than any other — I mean dancing — is that the artist is alone in never seeing the beauty he or she creates.

Pavlova does not see Pavlova the artist, even in a mirror. Massine never sees Massine; so that here, you say, is veritably the authentic case of art for art's sake. But, precisely on the contrary, it is an art whose end it is to please large audiences — the art of the ballet, like that of opera, being appropriate only for large auditoriums. Beauty in action is never perceived by its creator, who, though he labor heroically at causes, is not to see effects, and must depend upon the verdict of others because he has himself no direct evidence of the nearness of his physical attainment to his imagined objective. Self-discipline in the interests of beauty only to be seen by others, and only then in collaboration with a composer and an orchestra! The artist's sense of the community could hardly go further.

'I see it,' the painter may say in the first flush of achievement, 'and if others don't, so much the worse for them. They will.' Often they do, often they don't; but in either case 'they' count. The sense of the community counts, and in the long run the artist is much more likely to acknowledge that the particular experiment — every work of art is an experiment — has failed than to persist in believing the public to be blind. If he does so persist, it is because (Stevenson again), 'perceiving recondite merits very hard to attain, making or swallowing artistic formulæ or perhaps falling in love with some particular proficiency of his own, many artists forget the end of all art: to please.' To please, to be of use to the community by revealing beauty, to contradict Wilde's dictum that 'all art is quite useless'; and the distinction between the artist and the other members of the profession of pleasing is that the artist is fastidious in selecting his material — the fakir, the showman, the typical writer of 'best sellers' are not.

Croce is abundantly justified if he means no more than to say that the first preoccupation of the artist is not with the community — the artist is poignantly a man of conscience; and Bunyan saying that he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress* 'mine own self to gratify' is not making confession of self-indulgence, but announcing that his work satisfied a conscience that happened to be less easily satisfied than most. The individualism of the artist is an affair of inherent gifts of vision refined by inherent tyranny of conscience; but the creative impulse, the urge to make vision concrete, to transmute it into some form of which others than himself may be aware, is essentially social. The artist is a servant of the public, and a bad servant only when he allows the consideration 'Will it pay?' to supplant the idea of the public as the multiplication of his own conscience.

And what use has the multitude for beauty? The cynical reply is that it has none, and that the first impulse of a mob is to destroy beauty, in which it sees nothing but a criminal expression of luxury; but the communal reply is frescoes by Ford Madox Brown, dignified civic architecture, libraries, art galleries, and the general confession to the need of beauty in life and to the interdependence of artist and community which these things imply — the communal reply is the increasing freedom of the artist from the patron.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

WHITSUN EVE

BY EVELYN UNDERHILL

[Westminster Gazette]

COME with birds' voices when the light grows dim,
Yet lovelier in departure and more dear;
While the warm flush hangs still at heaven's rim
And the one star shines clear.

Though the swift night haste to awaiting day
Stay thou and stir not, brooding on the deep;
Thy secret lore, thy living word let say
Within the senses' sleep

Softer than dew. But when the morning wind
Blows down the world, O Spirit, show thy power!
Quicken the dreams within the languid mind,
And bring thy seed to flower.

WHITENESS

BY ISOBEL HUME

[Westminster Gazette]

THE little betrothed has washed her linen —
And hung it out to dry;
It puffs and blows into mists and cloudlets
Under the April sky.

Her arms are white as the white pear-blossom —
Her throat is as white as may;
And her heart, like a song on a sunny morning,
Newborn and sweet as they.

She will walk in white to church on Sunday
Through orchards where birds sing:
And the bridegroom, taking her home at evening —
Will think he weds the Spring.

THE HUMAN ALTITUDE

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

[The Nation and the Athenæum]

WHEN I catch myself agape
Grinning at a Barbary ape,
Or assuming hatred lies
In the hungry tiger's eyes;
When I call the vulture 'vile,'
Or 'devilish' the crocodile;
Tigers 'cruel,' camels' humps
'Ugly,' or the roseate rumps
Which baboons so proudly show
As they swing from bough to bough;
When I call the boar 'malicious,'
Kite 'revolting,' grizzly 'vicious,'
'Quaint' the lithe prehensile nose
The elephant so blithely blows;
When I say of birds: 'The he-male
Warbles to attract the she-male,'
Or 'Brute beasts are soulless,' I
Do not merely simply lie —
I commit a sheer enormity
Like one jeering at deformity —
I curse the day and bless the night;
In short, I sin against the light.
When I reluctantly arise,
Breakfast, after exercise,
With dispassionate disdain,
And breathlessly approach my train,
With my bowler on and spats;
Do the sparrows, dogs, and cats
Mock me in amused delight?
No, they don't, but well they might.
Animals have no pretense
Veiling their indifference.
They don't overeat nor whine,
Label all things 'yours' and 'mine.'
Never vulgar, avaricious,
Sentimental, superstitious;
Never snobbish, vengeful, vain,
Pleasure they accept, and pain.
Vice is unknown, filth abhorred.
They do good without reward.
When their lives on earth are done,
Happily, I think, they run
Over death's dividing dark,
Where those saints who ran the Ark
Noah and Japheth, Ham and Shem
Probably look after them.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TCHINTOULOFF, A POET OF BULGARIA

THE centenary of Dobri Tchintouloff, one of the classic poets of Bulgarian revolution and independence, will be celebrated in October at his native village of Sliven.

Like all the Bulgarian writers during the period of Turkish domination, Tchintouloff was a poet of the national movement. He went as a student to Odessa, where, surrounded by Bulgarian refugees who had fled from the Turk and were as a rule the best educated of their land, he began his literary career with poems whose complex metres displayed a good deal of erudition. After he returned to Bulgaria as a school-teacher, there was a long period when he published no verses, and indeed the bulk of the work that he left behind when he died in 1886 is not very large.

Thirteen of his poems remain as they were written, or nearly so. Others exist as fragments, printed in the *Journal de Constantinople* or in scattered song-books. Many of the poems that circulated orally have been so disfigured by changes and accretions that their original form can scarcely be guessed at.

Under Turkish rule, Tchintouloff's songs were sung in every part of Bulgaria, even by peasants who had no idea of the author's identity. Their enduring popularity is due to Tchintouloff's understanding of his people. These lyrics express the Bulgarian national soul — the woes of the people under Turkish rule, the nation's hopes and dreams, and the exploits of the *haïdouks*, who kept alive the dream of liberty.

'Even in our day,' declares a modern Bulgarian critic, 'these songs have not lost their artistic value or their life. Tchintouloff is our greatest poet, the beginning of our literature.'

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ANOTHER EINSTEIN STORY

STORIES about Professor Einstein are almost as rife in Europe nowadays as stories about a certain motor-car in America. *L'Écho de Paris* reads a moral of its own into one such anecdote, which it culls from the *Berliner Tageblatt:* —

Einstein was walking bareheaded across Bavaria Square in Berlin. One of his friends hailed him:

'Well, what do you think of Poincaré?'

'I think he is a very talented man.'

'Yes, but what daring!'

'The daring of genius.'

'But what a frenzied fury against his antagonist!'

'Oh no, not at all. You don't know him.'

'Well, but at least, Professor, you won't deny that he is a determined enemy of Germany, and that his megalomania —'

'Oh,' said Einstein, 'you're talking about Raymond Poincaré, the Premier. I was thinking of Henri Poincaré, the mathematician.'

The two eminent Frenchmen are brothers, and the *Tageblatt's* writer lets the story stop there. In his eyes there is n't any moral; but the French journalist who clipped it has a stinging little moral of his own that he tacks on at the end: 'But the two Poincarés both come from the same blood, *and they both work with the same Lorraine logic*' — which, if you consider the irrefragable character of mathematical reasoning in the hands of a genius like Henri Poincaré, is a very neat way of intimating that the statesman who demands German gold is absolutely right, without let, hindrance, or chance of error.

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THE FOREIGN REPUTATION OF MR. EUGENE O'NEILL

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL was long ago regarded in America as *the* American dramatist of to-day, and he is slowly but very surely winning a similar reputation in Europe. We have already published comments from Parisian journals. Here is an opinion from the *Spectator*, which introduces a review of a volume of his plays just published in London by Jonathan Cape: —

Mr. Eugene O'Neill is, as our readers doubtless remember, a young American dramatist — many people say *the* young American dramatist. There is no question that his work has a power and a picturesqueness which lift it far above the commercial drama, and a practicability which distinguishes it from much intellectual theatrical work. On one side one would judge him an admirer of Mr. St. John Ervine and the Manchester School; on the other he has, perhaps, been influenced by Mr. Conrad, and even slightly by Maeterlinck.

Though they are in many ways imperfect, his plays possess the power of interesting people. The critic who has any taste for the technique of play construction will find himself reduced to a frenzy by what he will no doubt consider Mr. O'Neill's mishandling of stage devices; the student of dialect will fall foul of him both for wrong Cockneyisms and wrong Irishisms; the psychologist will rage at the mistakes he makes in treating such a subject as sex repression in a woman. But all this is, of course, in reality a compliment to Mr. O'Neill. He can touch on a large number of subjects with sufficient knowledge to rouse the ire of the expert, which can never be awakened by ignorance and mediocrity. He knows, too, how to put into his plays that peculiar note of anxiety for the ultimate event which is the saving grace of many a popular playwright and many a popular novelist. Again, he as often shows remarkable technical dexterity as remarkable technical ineptitude. In fact, his plays are alive in every line, and since Mr. O'Neill is still a young man he is one of those from whom we may reasonably expect great things.

An equally enthusiastic reviewer in *L'Écho de Paris* is led to remark that 'among contemporary *English* dramatic authors, M. O'Neill is assuredly one of the most highly gifted' — a verdict that will probably cause the critics who have been hailing Mr. O'Neill as the star of hope for a new school of American drama to stir uneasily in their orchestra seats. But perhaps the Frenchman means merely 'English-speaking.'

It looks very much as though the Italian futurist, P.-T. Marinetti, has taken a leaf from Mr. O'Neill's book He, at any rate, has written an African drama of his own, which recounts the adventures of one Kabango, his wife Mabina, the treacherous Lanzirika, and the faithful Bagamoio. Kabango is the advocate of the solidarity of the Black races, and inscribes his doctrine upon a talisman which Lanzirika seeks to steal. All this takes place in the desert and is accompanied — *by the throbbing of an enormous war-drum.* If this is not stealing Mr. O'Neill's thunder, it is at any rate making very free with his tom-tom, which throbs in such a thrilling crescendo through all five scenes of the *Emperor Jones.*

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MUSIC IN IRELAND

WHILE Ireland is torn by civil and religious war, it is a relief to read of the success of her musical societies. The London *Daily Telegraph* tells of the Belfast organizations. Although the oldest Irish musical competitive scheme is the Dublin Feis Ceoil, the Belfast Musical Competitions are now the most engrossing. Originated by Temperance League and Band of Hope choirs, they have become national festivals in which choirs from various schools and districts compete in the rendering of local folk-songs and ballads. In spite of a common religious faith, rivalry runs so high that the com-

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etitors have sometimes to be restrained om doing each other physical violence.

The movement leads its sponsors to ope for a musical renaissance. The rish love of music, especially if it be f a sentimental, patriotic sort, is well nown. But the national talent has acked direction, manifesting itself hiefly in too simple forms. With or-anized and varied instruction, response ay come on a larger scale than here-ofore. In any event, if music, in that rbulent land, merits its poetic repu-ation as the 'food of love,' we can only ope that it will play on.

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'ŒDIPUS' AT NÎMES

THE Comédie Française has just paid s brief annual visit to Provence and anguedoc, where Arles and Orange af-ord two fine Roman theatres for its erformances. Although there is no oman theatre at Nîmes, the great mphitheatre is an imposing setting or Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which as recently given there. An enormous tage is thrown clear across it, and the nighty broken columns suggest the hattered palace of fallen royalty. In his impressive spectacle, the people of Nîmes take a natural pride, as Græco-oman culture once flourished on their oil.

The drama itself was so merged in s setting that the attention of the udience often wandered to the sur-oundings. The actors, true to their raditions, gave a performance whose echnical perfection was, if anything, oo studied, deeply impressing their rovincial audience. And yet it was he native chorus that bore away the onors. They were equally free from he tumultuous din of a Reinhardtian roduction and the wild flopping of mbs in which our 'interpretive' ex-erts take such delight. Dignified and estrained, they appropriately suggested the ancient spirit of agony, sin, and relentless Fate.

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VIENNESE MUSICAL GOSSIP

TIME was when the young Austrian composer, Erich Korngold, was the Infant Phenomenon of the musical world; but as the years slip on and his infancy gradually recedes, his phenomenal qualities seem to be none the worse for the gentle aid of the press agent. Such at least is the unkind intimation in certain musical circles in Vienna; though the talk may merely be due to the convenient coincidence that the composer's father, Dr. Julius Korngold, is musical critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*. A fictitious bit of gossip has been circulating lately, cast in dialogue form and purporting to represent a conversation between two musicians: —

'What are you playing at your next recital?'
'A Korngold concerto.'
'Is it grateful?'
'No, but the father is.'

Not all the gossip is malicious, however. It is currently reported that Richard Strauss, whose well-known admiration for Mozart is as deep as their musical methods are wide apart, is working with a collaborator upon a book about the earlier composer. When the book appears it is fairly certain to contain much that will interest musicians of every stripe.

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A FRENCH PASSION PLAY

WHILE so many eyes are turned toward the historic Passion Play at Oberammergau, Nancy, one of the industrial centres of France, is endeavoring to give a similar performance. The attempt is unique in that the original text is so heavily drawn upon, even

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though the historical traditions are absent. At the end of the nineteenth century, Nancy found itself confronted with the problem of religious indifference — it lacked churches and could not raise the money to build them. In 1904, the Abbé Pettit, curé of the parish of St. Joseph in Nancy, visited Oberammergau, where the idea came to him of bringing the Passion Play to his native city as a means of raising the much-needed money; and he procured permission — never before granted — to establish a play on similar lines.

The Nancy Passion Play is given in an immense hall capable of seating two thousand people. Most of the scenery was done by M. Deshays of the Opéra Comique, and the actors are untutored natives whose simplicity is most effective. Two of the sixteen acts are original, the rest follow the Oberammergau model. Twenty-two tableaux, based on famous pictures, illustrate Old Testament prophecies bearing on the Redemption of Christ. The musical accompaniment for this is taken chiefly from Bach and Mendelssohn and is sung by the choir.

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A NEW ENGLISH QUARTERLY

A NEW quarterly magazine, the *Criterion*, is announced for publication next month by Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, the London publisher. The new review will be devoted to literature and the arts as well as to the progress of thought in general, and is designed to have more in common with the critical quarterlies of a hundred years ago than is customary nowadays. Its essays will be longer than is usual even among English magazines, and it is also announced that they will be 'more considered' than is possible in journals of the usual type — though as yet there is no news as to how this pronouncement is relished in Fleet Street. An effort will be made to present in translation the work of foreign writers.

Among the contributors already announced for early numbers are Richard Aldington, Jean de Bosschère, Ernst Robert Curtius, T. S. Eliot, Roger Fry, Ramon Gomez de la Serna, Hermann Hesse, Stephen Hudson, Valéry Larbaud, W. R. Lethaby, Antonio Marichalar, T. Sturge Moore, Ezra Pound, George Saintsbury, J. W. N. Sullivan, May Sinclair, Leonard Woolf, S. S. Koteliansky, and Virginia Woolf.

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TRANSATLANTIC TITLES

THE sea-change, into something always new and frequently very strange that the titles of English and American books undergo on their way in both directions across the Atlantic afford matter for reflection to the anonymous author of 'Miscellany' in the *Manchester Guardian*. Sometimes, he points out, the change of title is an imperative necessity, as when Arnold Bennett's *The Card* becomes *Denry the Audacious* because the subtle significance of the English word — half slang, half 'good English' — is quite lost on the American. Sometimes, too, a title may be quite comprehensible, and still require change. Thus Mrs. Wharton's book *A Voice from the Grave*, had to appear in England as *A Vanished Hand*, because the original American title had already been used in England for another book.

However, the change may simply be due to the American or British publisher's idea that one title will sell better than another. Hence the tendency in America to reduce the title of Mr. Milne's play to simple *Mr. Pim*, and the metamorphosis of the London success, *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, into *Captain Applejack*. Most Americans can hazard a shrewd guess as to the reason for *that* change.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Genoa Conference, by J. Saxon Mills. London: Hutchinson, 1922. 24*s*.

[*Spectator*]

Mr. Mills, who is a warm admirer of the Prime Minister, has produced a careful record of the Genoa Conference with Mr. Lloyd George in he limelight from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Lloyd George himself contributes a preface on the 'historic gathering,' at which, he says, he strove for peace and international goodwill. Whether the Conference actually brought peace nearer by revealing anew the profound differences that exist between the Allies themselves, and between them and the Germans and Bolsheviki, is another question. Nothing tangible resulted from the six weeks of talk and banqueting, except an eight months' truce in Eastern Europe, which may or may not be observed by Trotskii. Mr. Mills is reduced to writing about the value of the 'imponderabilia in a case of this kind,' and incautiously speaks of 'the results to be harvested' at The Hague where, unfortunately, nothing whatever was done. However, if anyone desires to read about the Genoa Conference, he may be assured that Mr. Mills's account is trustworthy, so far as it goes, and carefully written. The voluminous appendices contain some of the documents, and there are a number of photographs of the delegates.

Saint-Saëns, by Arthur Hervey. London: John Lane. The Bodley Head, Ltd., 1922. 6*s*.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

It is perhaps inevitable that in writing about a great living personality (the late Mr. Arthur Hervey's biography was published just before the unexpected death of Saint-Saëns) one should occasionally join the train of those who 'praise famous men.' Mr. Hervey was only following custom in lavishing praise. He would have been better advised had he taken the advice of another artist to his biographer: 'Be careful to underpraise me so that my enemies will not be aroused and my friends will rally to my defense.' Wise words! The public at large, however, if grateful to Mr. Hervey for the readable biographical information and for the analysis of Saint-Saëns's work, will probably take the praise bestowed on the great composer with considerable reservations.

Let us admit at once that there is much in Saint-Saëns that justifies not only praise but enthusiastic admiration. It is a moving thought that a musician who might have come in personal contact with Mendelssohn and Chopin, with Berlioz and Schumann, should dispute with the heirs of Debussy. And in his long and distinguished career how many proofs Saint-Saëns has given us of extraordinary versatility and unparalleled fecundity. As long as Mr. Hervey keeps on these grounds, he is sure of the hearty approval of all unprejudiced musicians and music-lovers. Blind prejudice alone could attempt to belittle the conspicuous merit of such a composer as Saint-Saëns. But in Mr. Hervey's volume the zeal of the biographer is sometimes more in evidence than the discretion of the critic, and it is zeal, no doubt, which leads him into making a few statements which, if not altogether baseless, are at least exaggerated.

'Saint-Saëns has lived through these times and . . . would be amply justified in applying to himself the words of the poet, "Quorum pars magna fui,"' writes Mr. Hervey. Now, no matter how liberal an interpretation we put on those words, it is certain that the parallel does not fit. Not by any stretching of imagination can Saint-Saëns be compared to Æneas. Oddly enough, the truth is rather that in all his long and eventful career Saint-Saëns never exercised much influence on the main course of musical history. This composer, who first astonished Paris in 1853, has had considerably less effect on music than Franck, whose whole output is not one half that of Saint-Saëns. Like Dante, he can claim to have 'made a party unto himself.' But, lacking the individuality of a Dante, — or even a Berlioz, — he is not likely to exercise an influence on the future. Saint-Saëns has great qualities; greatest of all, lucidity and distinction. But where the thought is superficial, lucidity only helps the listener to discover its shallowness. And it is impossible to deny that Saint-Saëns's music occasionally lacks weight, conviction, and sincerity. How else can one explain the neglect into which the great majority of his works has already fallen?

Blake and His Poetry, by Allardyce Nicoll. London: Harrap, 1922. 1*s*. 6*d*.

[*Spectator*]

This is a useful addition to a series which supplies students of the English Poets with poetry and biography in the same volume and at a popular price. Being a late one of a series, it does not contain, as one expects, any particularly striking news, literary or psychological, but is competent and well informed and refers its readers to a good bibliography for further study of Blake. A preface by the general editor promises that 'attention will be specially directed to the poet's personality as it expressed itself in his

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poetry, and to the influences and conditions which counted most as formative factors in the growth of his genius.'

Mr. Allardyce Nicoll, the particular editor, fulfills the promise to a certain point, giving, for instance, a short summary of Blake's fourfold system, on which the symbolism of the prophetic books is founded. He comments: 'The value of knowing this philosophic system of his, even for the reading of what seem like simple lyrics, could not be better illustrated than by taking the Motto from the *Book of Thel:* —

> Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
> Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
> Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod,
> Or Love in a golden bowl?

On the outside that seems a fairly simple little four-verse [*sic*] stanza, but if one refers to the tabula (given opposite) one will find that silver is the metal of the East, of Luvah and of Love; whereas gold is the metal of the South, of Urizen and of Reason. What Blake means to say, then, is: Can wisdom be compressed into the region of the emotions and of love, or can Love be transferred from its own realm into the realm of the understanding? Unless we know at least a fragment of the System, the full meaning of this and of other works of Blake cannot possibly be fathomed.'

As a matter of fact, we may shortly expect a lot of new light on these 'well-nigh meaningless names' when Mr. Edward O'Brien, the American poet, publishes his recent simple discovery that these are for the most part — except for a few instances where Blake's private quarrels invade his spirit-world of huge abstractions — quite simple anagrams and telescopic compounds from a polyglot New Testament in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which Blake had access. Thus Orc and Los are the Latin Cor and Sol, Enitharmon is the Greek Enarithmon, the tyrannic Urizen is compounded from the Greek words Ouranos and Horizein, and represents the inverted bowl of the heavens inclosing and cramping creation; Lethe becomes Thel, because it could hardly be Ethel; and so on, working out very nicely.

Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. Vol. II. London: Humphrey Milford, 1922. 7*s*.

[*Times*]

THIS second collection of papers by members of the Royal Society of Literature offers a variety of articles, all of which are pervaded by an air o 'unimpeachable sentiment and amiable informa tion.' The atmosphere of the book is temperat rather than exciting, little troubled by adventur ous thoughts or flights of imagination.

Mr. Binyon's article on the English Ode, its origin, variations, and essence, is by far the most finished and spirited, and his consideration of Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immor tality,' its doctrine of anamnesis, and its relation to modern philosophy, is of particular interest The Marquis of Crewe surveys with pleasant discursiveness a number of writers who reflected from different standpoints English country life, and wonders wistfully whether a dusty, suburban scientific world will banish the spirit of rural peace and picturesqueness from its midst.

Dr. Inge takes the side of Professor Saintsbury in the war of the prosodists, and insists that there is no difference of principle between the scansion of classical and of modern metres. It remains for us to refer to Dr. Boas's Apologia for Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, in which Dr. Inge finds peculiar pleasure. In that appreciation we whole-hearted ly concur. Dr. Boas's article is so excellently just both to Tennyson's virtues and faults, that we rather resent the addition of his editor's barbed testimonial.

Dr. Inge writes, 'The detractors of Tennyson have fastened on the *Idylls* with special asperity, and it really seems as if their chief quarrel with Tennyson is that he treats adultery as a disgrace ful vice.' This is an entirely unjust estimate of modern criticism of Tennyson. Doubtless the faults which Dr. Boas enunciates loom larger in the modern eye than the virtues. But the young quarrel with Tennyson, not because he was moral, but because poetically he was not moral enough because, instead of sublimating passion and creating truth, he sentimentalized sense and named it virtue. They applaud Tennyson's be lief that life is a battle between soul and sense they only lament that as a poet he was not equal to fighting it, that he lacked the emotional and intellectual intensity which brings the soul into action with the body.

BOOKS MENTIONED

COUSINS, JAMES A. *The Play of Brahma.* Banga lore, India: The Amateur Dramatic Society 1922. Rs. 2.

SACKVILLE, LADY MARGARET. *Epitaphs.* Edin burgh: William Brown, 1922.

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